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Chief Justice Warren tells of

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Spring Sings of Faith

Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families *April 1957*

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The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

APRIL, 1957 **Vol. 1, No. 7**

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As any boy learns at Easter, a baby chick is bright-eyed, fluffy, soft, warm, and full of peeps. He is also full of pecks, most eager to try out that tiny bill. So—watch those freckles, my boy! The photo is by Vivienne Lapham.

THE GREAT COMMISSION

Howard Chandler Christy's great painting of Jesus giving the Great Commission to his disciples is owned by Dr. Elmer T. Clark, secretary of the World Methodist Council, Lake Junaluska, N. C. It shows the risen Christ at Ascension as he proclaimed: "Go Into All The World."

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Kansas

Bishop Dana Dawson
810 National Bank of Topeka Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

Central Kansas

NEWS of Your Church in Action

Editors:
Rev. Arthur B. Coole, Box 401, NW Sta., Kansas City 4, Kan.
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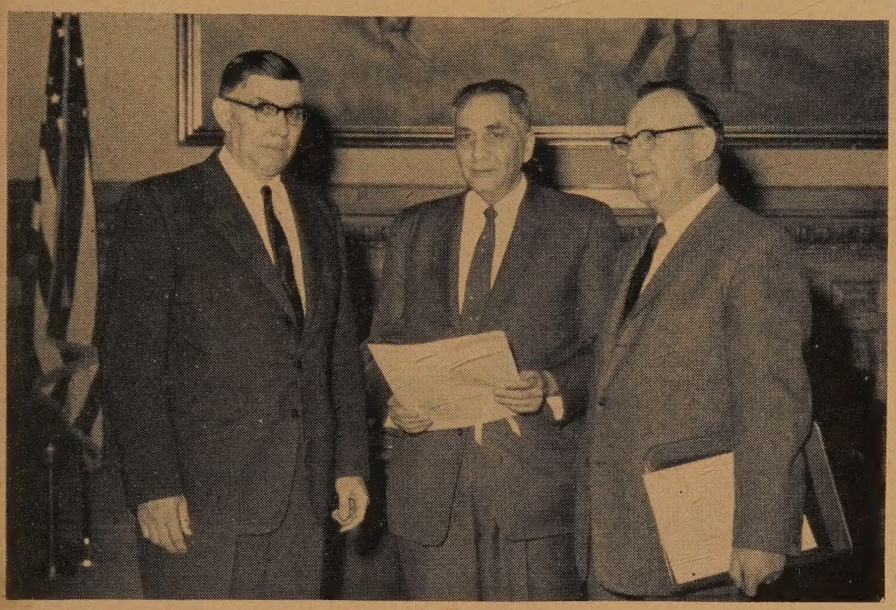

Charles Everett, treasurer (left), and Louis F. Suedemeyer, director of evangelism of the Kansas Council of Churches, are present as Kansas Governor George Docking (center) reads his proclamation opening the state-wide United Evangelism Crusade in March.

PASTORS

Set Spring School

The Kansas Area pastors' school is scheduled for Trinity Methodist Church, Hutchinson, Kans., April 22-26.

Heading the school will be Drs. James S. Thomas, William C. Rice and Glen Olds.

Dr. Thomas is one of the outstanding ministers of the church, having been named preacher of the week. A staff member of the General Board of Education, Nashville, Tenn., he is a former pastor, chaplain, and professor at Gammon Theological Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.

Dr. Rice is from Baker University. He will lecture on the theme, "The Minister's Responsibilities and Opportunities in Church Music."

Dr. Olds is a member of the Oregon Conference, and is director of Cornell United Religious Work. He will discuss "The Philosophy of a Revolutionary Religion."

TOPEKA DIST.

Hold Lenten Retreat

• Four men headed the Lenten retreat at the Topeka District parsonage, with "A Certain Word—For an Uncertain Time" theme for the event.

• Leaders included the Rev. Ronald Terry, Dr. Charles Doudna of Baker University, Dr. Dean Johnson of the Menninger Clinic, and the Rev. J. Lester McGee.

• The Fellowship of the Committed (youth dedicated to Christian vocations) visited the State Boys Industrial School recently. They had dinner, toured the campus, and had a discussion period with Chaplain Loe Caldwell.

• Dr. Thurmon Mott, psychiatrist, and Mrs. H. B. Craig, psychologist, served as resource leaders.

• The Rev. Ewart Watts of First Church, Topeka, will be one of four ministers representing the Topeka Council of Churches over Radio Station WIBW every Saturday from 5:30 to 5:45 p.m. on "Your Question, Please."

• The Circleville Church on the Holton Charge has purchased a new electronic organ.

• Westmoreland now has a Methodist Men's group.

• The Rev. and Mrs. Roy M. Brady have moved into a newly acquired parsonage. He is the pastor of Highland Park Church in Topeka.

• The Rev. John J. Clinton gave an illustrated lecture on the Methodist College in Alaska at First Church, Topeka, recently.

COLLEGE DAY

Goal: $126,000

Central Kansas Conference churches will emphasize "College Day" offerings in May. Goal is $1 per church member, with funds going to Kansas Wesleyan University and Southwestern College.

Some $90,000 is included in the conference budget toward the goal. To augment this amount, the World Service and Finance Commission recommended the Conference-approved plan that every church take the special college offering.

Pastors will receive materials for the "College Day" offering and the two colleges will co-operate to help make the day significant in each church.

There are more than 126,000 Methodists in the Central Kansas Conference.

SOUTHWESTERN COLLEGE

Trustees Adopt Budget

Bishop Dawson spoke and showed slides of Palestine at the 72nd anniversary Founder's Day observance at Southwestern College March 11-12. Delegates from Winfield District and the state overflowed college facilities for the observance, and watched the premiere showing of a new picture, "Campus Parish."

The Rev. Clarence Hamm, First Church, Augusta, was awarded the honorary doctor of divinity degree during the celebration.

• The board of trustees adopted a tentative budget for 1957-58 calling for an expenditure of $530,000 matching the amount expected as income.

• College President C. Orville Strohl announced the number of National Methodist scholarships assigned to Southwestern has been raised from five to seven.

• Dr. Ward M. Cole, board member from Wellington, said he would establish a memorial, at the college, in memory of his late mother, a Winfield area resident.

The memorial will be an endowment fund, with the income to be used by the biological department.

• Bids for a new dormitory at Southwestern were opened March 19 and contracts let. Cost of the 70-student dorm, including furnishings, will be $256,000. The building is expected to be ready for use by Sept. 7, in the time for the fall term.

• Southwestern's famous Purple Robed Choir, under direction of Dr. Jack Juergens, made 24 appearances in Colorado and Kansas April 7-15.

Mayor Clarence Mohn turns a shovel full of earth to break ground for the new education building of First Church, Junction City. The Rev. J. Lester McGee (in gown), a former secretary of the General Board of Evangelism, who is pastor watches the action.

• During spring vacation the Buildairs, male quartette, made 15 appearances in south central and western Kansas.

• The Rev. J. Lester Hankins, Southwestern vice-president, was appointed to assist with the college recuitment program. He will work with pastors and churches in an effort to encourage high-school seniors to enroll at Southwestern.

Special social gatherings have been planned for prospective students, and private interviews will be arranged.

KANSAS WESLEYAN

Agency Okays Housing

Final approval of plans for two housing projects was received last month by Kansas Wesleyan University from the Federal Housing and Home Finance agency.

Wilson and Company, of Salina, has been appointed engineers and architects for the project, which will start in several months.

The $281,000 loan for the two units will be handled by bonds, liquidated over a period of years from income from the houses, according to President D. Arthur Zook. The student housing unit, located at Kirwin and Santa Fe Streets, will accommodate 20 couples. The faculty unit, to be erected at Highland and Cloud, will house eight families.

• Bishop Dawson spoke at chapel services March 18. Other guests included approximately 160 pastors and their wives from Salina and Concordia Districts. The pastors were on campus for a retreat under leadership of the Rev. Thomas Carruth of the Board of Evangelism, Nashville, Tenn.

• Examinations for scholarships at Kansas Wesleyan began in March. Included are six Bowers Memorial scholarships. Two are for $800 apiece and four for $600.

The Remiatte, Shedden Memorial, and Eberhardt Memorial scholarships are for Salina students only. The first is awarded each year for $250. The second and third scholarships are for $800 each.

There are four music scholarships of $1,000 each, extending through four years providing the student retains high scholarship, and demonstrates an active interest in the general program of the university.

• A $100,000 gift from the Earl C. Sams Foundation Feb. 28 has lowered the Kansas Wesleyan debt to $165,000. Last July another gift of $100,000 was received from the Glenn L. Martin estate.

President Zook says the university's budget has been balanced the last two years. He also said Mrs. Dean Porter and Mrs. Harry Lightner of Brownsville, Tex., trustees of the Earl C. Sams Foundation, promised further support of Wesleyan provided the university continues to thrive and reduce its debt.

A special subcommittee from the Executive Committee has been appointed by Murray A. Wilson, chairman, to develop plans for complete liquidation of the debt.

• The university received 100 shares of oil stock from the estate of Herbert W. Stewart, 1904 graduate.

• Approximately 40 members of the student body and faculty went to Salina airport March 4 to welcome Endre Toth, Hungarian refugee student.

• The university's Philharmonic Choir has completed its spring tour through Kansas and Colorado. They visited ten cities.

NEAR WICHITA

DS Organizes Church

The Rev. Otto Volkland, superintendent of the Wichita District, has organized a new church in the Plainview area of Wichita, originally a government housing project, but now in private hands.

—CENTRAL KANSAS—

ATTENDANCE PICTURE

Changes for Better

• First Church, Salina, reports January attendance showed an average increase of 102 persons per Sunday over a year ago. The Sunday school showed an increase of 137 over 1956.

• Bishop Dana Dawson was speaker at the 48th annual ground-hog supper in Fellowship Hall of the Abilene Church Feb. 7. Three hundred men attended. General chairman was R. J. Haffa.

• Donna Mae Hull, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Ernest A. Hull, Abilene, who served three years in North Africa, is now serving as director of religious education in the American Church, Paris, France.

• Mr. and Mrs. Horst Behme and their three-year-old daughter, Ute (photo, page A-3) have been welcomed into the fellowship of the Enterprise Methodist Church.

The family was brought to this country from Hanover, Germany, through an arrangement with the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief.

Former Lutherans, the Behmes left a church in Germany which was over 400 years old. The family speaks English, but also has found several German-speaking friends at the Enterprise Church. The church was formerly a German Methodist Church.

The WSCS and the commission on missions have furnished an apartment for the new family. Mr. Behme, skilled lathe operator, is employed by Deel, Inc., of Enterprise.

NURSERY HEAD

The Children's Champ

James C. Leonard has been in insurance work for a lifetime, but is spending his "retirement" as a baby-sitter and head of the nursery department of the Stephens Memorial Methodist Church, Kansas City, Kan.

He supervised construction and installation of equipment for this department in the new educational building of the church. It has three rooms, a crib room for babies, and separate rooms for the two and threee-year-olds. He has a staff of five women, plus an assistant to check roll for 75 children.

The nursery is active during Sunday school and morning worship, as well as other times in the week when parents are attending meetings. Bible is taught in song, story, and pictures. Self expression is developed in a skillful manner, and children are taught to pray.

Mr. Leonard has had special training in child care. He received national recognition for his work with children and is a composer of two songs for children, which have been used in churches throughout the nation.

The interesting thing about all this is that whatever Mr. Leonard receives in

monetary compensation, he returns in its entirety to the building fund of his church. He is requested by public schools to "baby sit" during public functions, and also by churches and individuals. He is gracious, kindly, and loving with his charges, and they trail him wherever he goes.

DODGE CITY DIST.

Seminar at Cimarron

• Pastors, their wives, and laymen considered aspects of the church ministry during a recent district seminar at Cimarron Church, under leadership of the Rev. Lester R. Templin, district superintendent.

On each phase two pastors read papers and a third led discussion: Roy E. Frey, Samuel Warren, and John W. Carrier on "The Evangelistic Ministry"; Franklyn Edwards, W. Ralph Long, and Burton Lovelady on "The Preaching Ministry"; Evan F. Markley, Russell J. Gotschall, and Wayne Karlowski on "The Worship Ministry"; Clifford L. Moody, Bill B. Dial, and Hugh R. Morris on "The Pastoral Ministry"; Alvin W. Murray, Ralph B. Brooks, and Robert R. Jeffries on "The Social Action Ministry."

• Garden City Methodists moved into their new sanctuary April 14. Formal opening is scheduled May 5, when Bishop Dana Dawson will be present.

• The fourth annual school for Christian living at Dodge City Church closed with an average attendance of 256. It was directed by Pastor Alvin W. Murray and Dean Charles Leet.

• Offering at Dodge City for Philander Smith College was $195, $40 more than last year.

HUTCHINSON DIST.

Celebrate 80th Birthday

• Arlington Church celebrated its 80th anniversary March 17 with the Rev. Forrest E. Rohl, pastor from March, 1912, to March, 1915, as guest preacher.

• The Rev. W. F. Ramsdale, Arlington pastor, presented the "Church Rural Award" to Vera Breidenstein, Judith Belle Haworth, Constance Helsel, and Rebecca Hinshaw March 10. This award is given by the Kansas Council of Churches, and was the first since the system was started.

• March 3, Pratt Church honored members who have belonged 40 or more years. Sixteen had been members 50 years or more, with two charter members still on the roll.

HAYES DIST.

Remodeling Project Set

• Hayes Methodist Church, in a special quarterly conference session, voted to purchase the interest of the Wesley Foundation and the Central Kansas Conference in its church building for $60,000. The matter will be presented at a congregational meeting in the near future.

The action developed from a need for expanded educational facilities. A remodeling estimate for Wesley Hall includes $28,014 for the interior, and $3,235 for the exterior. Equipment estimate is $1,500. Total cost of the project is an estimated $92,749. The Freshour Estate will give approximately $36,800, leaving $55,949 to be raised.

It is anticipated the Wesley Foundation will build a student center adjacent to the college campus, the transaction subject to approval of the annual conference.

• The district board of lay activities has completed a series of subdistrict cultivation programs, attended by more than 300 lay leaders, pastors, and their wives. Hugh Burnett of Hayes State College assisted in the discussions. Participants were: Floyd Laws of Norton, district lay leader; Elmer Bryant of Dighton; Clyde Jensen of Atwood; and Jay Kump of Jennings. Mr. Burnett and Dr. J. R. Throckmorton acted as "pinch hitters." Program theme was "The Layman's Part in the Local Church Emphasis."

• Norcatur Methodists, the Rev. Marien Holbert, pastor, have completed a church "face lifting." Board of trustees members and other laymen built a church addition to provide rest rooms. Not to be outdone, the young adults organized a painting bee and, in six hours, applied a coat of paint to the church exterior, including the steeple.

KANSAS

CONFERENCE UNITS

Map Year's Work

• Speakers at the Kansas Conference convocation of boards and commissions, held at First Church, Topeka, included Bishops Matthew W. Clair and Glenn R. Phillips, and Dr. William J. Scarborough, president of Baker University. The Rev. Ronald E. Terry was chairman. Various units of the annual conference worked out detailed plans for the coming year's work, eliminating a last-minute rush at conference time.

The Rev. Robert A. Haines (left front) is shown with laymen of Caldwell Methodist Church as they take a breather from work on parsonage remodeling. The men added a room for the pastor's study. Total man-hours donated by the energetic laymen—516.

The Behme family of Hanover, Germany, new citizens of Enterprise, Kan., are pictured with, back row from left, Mrs. Otto Karl, WSCS president; the Rev. Paschal M. Jackson, pastor; and Mrs. F. E. Kidwell, chairman of the commission on missions.

• The Kansas Conference Board of Lay Activities has activated a department of stewardship and finance with the following officers: director, C. A. Wisler; district chairmen—Emporia district, Earl E. Gadberry; Independence District, Clarence Depew Jr.; Kansas City District, Leonard Kees; Ottawa District, Spencer Gard; Topeka District, Glen Paden.

• The missionary tour for young people, under auspices of the Kansas Conference WSCS, will start from the Washington Avenue Church in Kansas City July 1. About 40 youth and adults will make the trip, costing $65. Washington, D. C., and New York City are included in the tour.

• Ministers are requested to remember the week of lectures at Hutchinson, April 22-26 (see page A-1, March Supplement).

• The Ernie Pyle Memorial Award of the Scripps-Howard News Agency was given to Gordon B. Thompson, who was graduated from Baker University in 1935. This award is made to the man "most nearly exemplifying the style and craftsmanship of the great World War II reporter and human interest columnist." Thompson writes for the *Evansville* (Ind.) *Press.*

EMPORIA DIST.

Squeeze on Space

• Glen Gothard of the Department of General Church Work, Nashville, met with members of the Eureka Church, suggesting steps which should be taken to relieve crowded conditions. New members are being added constantly, with 25 gained during the past month.

• Seven Boy Scouts recently received God and Country Awards in Eureka Church.

INDEPENDENCE DIST.

Missions Head Speaks

• Dr. Charles Parkin, director of Advance Special gifts for the Board of National Missions, recently spoke at Caney Church. Dr. Parkin started his ministry in Great Britain, coming here in 1923, and for years served in the Maine Conference.

• Girard Church, under leadership of the Rev. L. E. Dixon, has spent $8,000 remodeling and decorating the basement. Fluorescent lights and tiling have improved the appearance of the kitchen, fellowship hall, and Sunday-school rooms.

• Herbert A. Blessman was host pastor at Oswego to the district conference, March 14. Judd Jones, Dwight Dussair, Arthur Hardy, Herber Borckman, and Leonard Smoot presented the work of the five commissions under the general title, "Local Church Emphasis."

KANSAS CITY DIST.

Church Betters Budget

• With a budget of $31,575 for the coming conference year, London Heights Church in Kansas City set out to get subscriptions. March 10, Clarence Peterson reported $32,575 had been subscribed, an even $1,000 more than the budget. The Rev. Vernon W. Becker and his workers are to be congratulated.

• The London Heights Church choir was guest choir at Grand Avenue Temple in Kansas City, Mo., March 24. Bishop Dana Dawson was speaker.

• The Rev. Alfred Hager and the Rev. Benjamin Schmidtke gave an illustrated lecture on their recent trip to Palestine at the Methodist Ministers' Association of Greater Kansas City, March 18. It was held at Trinity Methodist Church on the Missouri side. Dr. Walker of the General Board of Evangelism spoke on visitation evangelism at the same meeting. Dr. Ben Ridpath has been the president of the association during the past year and the Rev. T. Neal Hiatt is newly elected president.

• The Wyandotte Subdistrict leadership training school completed a Course B. Series recently with more than 130 attending. Instructors were the Rev. Melvin Booth, Mrs. G. R. Fosmire, the Rev. Vincent Hall, the Rev. John Hoon, and the Rev. Earl Perry. Officials included the Rev. B. W. Hughes, chairman of the board of managers; Mrs. Albert Bright, registrar; William P. Yeazel, treasurer; and the Rev. G. Russell Fosmire, business manager.

• Maurice E. Swanson, district chairman of Methodist Men, recently awarded a charter to the Central Avenue group. The Rev. Robert B. Kendall, district superintendent, was speaker. The Rev. G. Russell Fosmire is pastor.

• The district WSCS conference met at the Old Mission Church April 8 while the ministers had their district meeting at new Leawood Church.

• Robert Mikio Fukada, student at Baker University, spoke at Sunday-school and worship services of the London Heights Church, Kansas City, March 31. His parents were associates and co-workers of Toyohiko Kagawa.

Gleanings

The Rev. Paul W. Schlapback and Miss Gloria Hunt were recently married in Kansas City. Dr. Benjamin L. Schmidtke, pastor of the Old Mission Church, performed the ceremony.

Loren Wesley Schaffer was born Feb. 17 to the Rev. and Mrs. Loren E. Schaffer of Altoona.

Mrs. Robert Hodgell, daughter-in-law of the Rev. and Mrs. Ray D. Hodgell of the Hoyt-Mayetta Charge, died recently. Mrs. Hodgell's father also died recently.

The mother of Mrs. Benjamin Gessner died in Boston, Mass., recently. Mrs. Gessner is the conference director of children's work.

Gayle Newlin, 14-year-old son of the Rev. and Mrs. Wayne Newlin of Cedarvale, recently lost a portion of his right hand in a chemical explosion.

Patrick Warren was born March 1 to the Rev. and Mrs. Harry Blackburn of the Sylvia-Huntsville Charge.

Brian Wayne was born Jan. 27 to the Rev. and Mrs. B. K. Razak of Alton.

Ralph Stubbs, father of the Rev. A. C. Stubbs of Nickerson, died Feb. 28.

The mother of the Rev. Robert Simison of Ness City died Feb. 19.

Ahn Sun Yun of Korea, re-named Joy Gayle by her new parents, the Rev. and Mrs. S. B. Clayton of Oberlin, Kan., recently arrived in Los Angeles by plane with 75 other children.

Church Extension Photo

The Rev. H. J. Sterling (center), pastor of First Church, Atchison, and district secretary of missions, Kansas City District, examines a Spanish language evangelistic news sheet in Ciudad Trujillo, the Domican Republic. On his right is the Rev. Marice Daily, field secretary of the interboard committee in Santo Domingo, and on his left, the Rev. Walter J. Leppert of the Division of Missions. Mr. Sterling was one of 17 ministers lending their support with the important work in Haiti, the Dominican Republic, and Puerto Rico.

Favorite Poem

Submitted by
Mrs. Carl M. Boyd,
Indianapolis, Ind.

the Mother's Hymn

German-Jewish refugee Fred Fredden Goldberg painted this compelling scene of modern mother love from sketch he made in China. Painting was shown at Madonna Festival, sponsored annually by Los Angeles' Methodist Wilshire Church.

Lord who ordainest for mankind
Benignant toils and tender cares,
We thank thee for the ties that bind
The mother to the child she bears.

We thank thee for the hopes that rise
Within her heart, as, day by day,
The dawning soul, from those young eyes,
Looks with a clearer, steadier ray.

And grateful for the blessing given
With that dear infant on her knee,
She trains the eye to look to heaven,
The voice to lisp a prayer to Thee.

Such thanks the blessed Mary gave
When from her lap the Holy Child,
Sent from on high to seek and save
The lost of earth, looked up and smiled.

All-Gracious! grant to those who bear
A mother's charge, the strength and light
To guide the feet that own their care
In ways of Love and Truth and Right.

—*William Cullen Bryant, 1794-1878*

Letters

Share the Phone!

MRS. L. P. WINSOR
Troy, N.Y.

I read the advice of Dr. Barbour in *Teens Together* [February TOGETHER, page 45] where it was suggested that to solve the problem of teen-agers using the family telephone they find work and have their own private phone installed.

It seems to me that children might learn to share in a home. . . . Also, in this day and age when we are being asked to sacrifice for our churches, it seems an utter waste of money when one telephone has been and still is ample to provide the services for which the telephone was intended—business—and not foolishness. As for me, I certainly am not proud of an official magazine that sends such advice into the homes of the church that it represents. . . .

Re: Man at the Middle

DOROTHY MCDONALD COPELAND
Director of Christian Education
First Methodist Church
Independence, Mo.

Of the 571 district superintendents in The Methodist Church in the U.S., you selected my favorite for your excellent picture article, *Methodism's Man at the Middle* [February TOGETHER, page 22]. Twenty years ago when I was an Epworth Leaguer in his church, the inspiration of Dr. McKean's life and his interest in our youth group helped me decide to enter Christian service.

Maurice McKean has always been the "man at the middle," uniting the hearts of his people with the mind of God. . . . Thank you for producing such a wonderful magazine.

Agrees With Linkletter

AUSTIN B. HALL
Smithville, W.Va.

Since reading Art Linkletter's article, *The Darkest Day of My Life* [February TOGETHER, page 48], I can understand why Art Linkletter has been my favorite radio and TV entertainer.

Like him, I believe the child should first have absolute truth from the parent or guardian, whether it be Christmas, Easter, or just everyday life. Then the parent will receive truth from the child.

'Superficial . . . Irrelevant'

WILLIAM S. HATCHER
Vanderbilt University
Nashville, Tenn.

As a college senior and pre-ministerial student, I would like to express my extreme disappointment in the new Methodist magazine, TOGETHER. If I were not identified with the institution which publishes it, I would not even take the trouble to give you a criticism of it.

TOGETHER is superficial and wholly irrelevant to anything approaching the real meaning of the Christian faith. It strongly resembles the publications of fraternal and business organizations. The magazine pictures Methodism as a passive fraternity of "just plain folks" huddling in "togetherness" to gain comfort, security, and success, rather than the creative and redemptive fellowship of suffering love which is the only thing capable of renewing and transforming a world on the brink of disaster . . .

It is not togetherness we need. It is deep and satisfying fellowship, capable of facing the depths which life has to offer. Only in affirming this can Methodism claim to live in the spirit of its founder, John Wesley.

Report from Hong Kong

RALPH A. WARD, *Bishop*
Hong Kong

You have done it. TOGETHER is a success. That's the way it looks to us out here. The December issue has just reached us. Congratulations on the new publication.

She Doesn't Enjoy Dangling

MRS. VIRGINIA M. KREPELA
Bristol, Tenn.

I wish to express my appreciation of your excellent magazine. I have already found use for some articles and stories, such as thoughts from Bishop Northcott's *If My Daughter Should*

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Division of World Missions and Division of National Missions of the Board of Missions of THE METHODIST CHURCH, 150 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y. T4-27-7

Attention: Rev. H. Burnham Kirkland

Dear Mr. Kirkland: Please send me free copy of "Bright Horizons" describing The Annuity Plan and its advantages.

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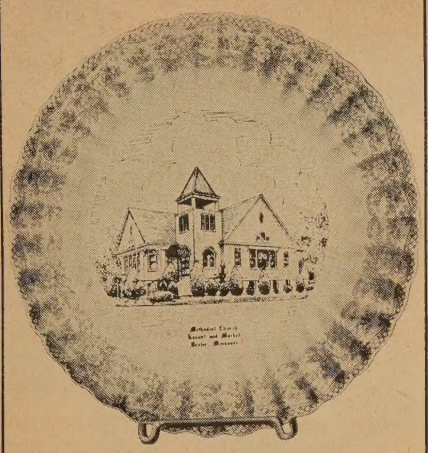

Church Groups Raise Money Easily

Mrs. Harold Nance, wife of the minister of First Methodist Church in Dexter, Missouri, recommends this ideal fund-raising project:

Keepsake Plates

• picturing *your* church

"Everyone is pleased with them. Every home with a plate on the wall or table has a constant reminder of the church always before them." This was written to us by Mrs. Harold Nance, whose picture is shown above with the plate picturing her church and sold by her church group.

We are proud of the many letters we get from friends all over the nation. They tell us that these spiritual keepsakes sell themselves. They are wonderful for anniversaries, dedications, bazaars and to commemorate any special occasion. People like to give them for birthday, wedding and holiday gifts.

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Want to Marry a Catholic [November TOGETHER, page 27] and *As Ye Sow* by Dorothy Canfield Fisher [December TOGETHER, page 43]. Many other ideas are clipped and filed. Your format is perfect—one does not reach the bottom of a page to find a hyphenated word left dangling, "continued on page 89, column 3."

Heredity vs. Environment

THELMA WHYTE
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

In college, we had many a debate on environment vs. heredity; which plays the major role in molding intelligence, personality, and character. Some argued that heredity was just about everything. For these people, I'd recommend Erle Stanley Gardner's statement entitled *The Case of the Missing Morals* [January TOGETHER, page 10].

I also would point to the recent finding of researchers at Children's Hospital, Columbus, Ohio, as reported to the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Nearly 1,000 nine-month-old infants were tested to measure their "intellectual potential." Only 1.4 per cent had scores below 75 and only 1.8 below 85— with 90 per cent scoring between 90 and 120. Yet, tests among school-age children show 5 per cent have IQs below 75 and 14 per cent below 85.

Isn't it apparent that the difference may be accounted for by what education and environment the child is exposed to between infancy and school age? And, as Gardner sets forth, does not environment—family training and discipline—determine the kind of youth or adult a child will become in the years ahead?

Brickbats for Philosopher

PERRY S. WHITE
Hutchinson, Kan.

Just why did you waste paper, ink, and time to print [Dr. Will] Durant's article *Why Are Happy People Happy?* [February TOGETHER, page 10]? There is enough of this kind of stuff printed without its being in the paper that is supposed to lift Him up as the only hope of the world.

Satisfaction Beats Happiness

H. E. ARMACOST
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dr. Durant's article is something of a classic, but happiness is not the supreme good of life. Not happiness, but satisfaction. The Scripture says, "With long life I will satisfy," not "make happy." Also, it warns against spending money and labor for that which "satisfieth not." The article fails at this point.

Twin Kansas Songbirds

J. WILLIAM JONES, *Pastor*
Hutchinson, Kan.

Los Angeles has its Block twins, featured in TOGETHER [October cover] and about whom you carried a letter in February.

But we in Kansas have our Judy and Trudy, twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Thayer. The girls love to sing and are in demand from other churches and for special occasions in our area.

Judy and Trudy Thayer.

Hoople Is Not Puffle

BILL FREYSE, *Artist*
Tucson, Ariz.

My family and I wish to thank you for the nice item and photo you published of my daughter Lynn [March TOGETHER, *Unusual Methodists,* page 33]. But in the copy concerning me you were in error. I have never worked for Gene Ahern, nor had anything to do with the comic *Room and Board,* featuring Judge Puffle. My Major Hoople is the main character in my comic, *Our Boarding House,* syndicated by Newspaper Enterprise Association.

'Bread' Turns Up in Chicago

REV. PAUL GARDNER
Balaton, Minn.

Years ago when I was pastor of Dallas Circuit in southern Iowa, a boy under 10 came to the altar and was converted. He was the youngest of a family of boys whose widowed mother was a woman of splendid Christian character. Now he is pastor of the Temple in Chicago's Loop [January TOGETHER, inside cover]. There I vis-

ited him. "Do you remember," he asked, "the time we sat on your parsonage porch in Dallas, and you talked to me about what I was going to do with my life and about being a preacher?" "No, Charlie," I said, "I do not remember it at all."

"Well," he said, "you did and that put the preach in me."

He then gave me his photograph autographed thus, "To Paul Gardner, my Father in the Gospel—Charles R. Goff."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it again after many days."

Help for Lo, at Last

A. B. Sally
Hatboro, Pa.

This is to express my appreciation for *America's Indians Get a Chance!* [February, Together, page 31], the condensation of which I have just read in *The Reader's Digest.*

As an American, I'm glad that my country at last is doing something constructive in the important field of Indian affairs.

Quayle Kept Promise

Mrs. Kenneth L. McGill
Canton, Kan.

With a great deal of interest I read *The Lad Who Wore Abe Lincoln's Hat* by Charles Suter [January Together, page 31]. I was well acquainted with Dr. and Mrs. Charles C. McLean. Dr. McLean had told me this story many times.

He told me another concerning the beloved Bishop William F. Quayle.

Bishop William F. Quayle.

Long before Quayle was elected to the episcopacy Dr. McLean predicted he would be made a bishop. Quayle did not share this thought. As they discussed it, Dr. McLean asked Brother Quayle if, when the latter became a bishop, he would preach his first ser-

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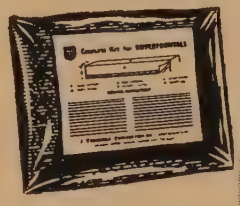

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mon in his—McLean's—church. Quayle promised with a smile. When he became a bishop he remembered—and kept his promise.

'Gallant Mrs. Low'

Mrs. J. E. Ferrell
Jacksonville, Fla.

As a stanch Methodist and a volunteer Girl Scout worker, it was with pleasure that I read Arthur Gordon's article *My Aunt Daisy* [February Together, page 26]. Too much tribute cannot be paid the gallant Mrs. Low. The Girl Scout organization has not only enriched the lives of millions of girls, but has also brought enjoyment and a sense of achievement to the lives of the adults who work with them.

Aside from teaching in the church school, no activity outside my home has brought such satisfactions.

Jesse Stuart . . . Surprised

Jesse Stuart, *Author and School Superintendent*
South Shore, Ky.

The Advocates and the Togethers have come . . . I was surprised when I looked into these magazines. The material is written by some of the finest writers in America. The editorial work is excellent. The format of magazine I think is just the right size. In fact, I think that the Methodists are doing a tremendous job with these publications.

Together *in Hospitals*

Richard W. Harrington, *Pastor*
First Methodist Church
Galeton, Pa.

One day last October I sat in a hospital waiting room, trying to encourage a woman whose husband was undergoing a five-hour operation. We talked, walked, and read. . . .

Suddenly I realized we could do something about the situation with our new Together. We read it, found it again to be attractive, interesting, and worth while. Our church adopted the All-Family Plan with a unanimous vote, after which I suggested we send a subscription to each hospital in the area. This idea was approved and the addresses were included with our list. Together now graces the hospitals' racks and we feel it is money well spent.

This idea may be worthy of being handed on to other churches in the interests of better reading and of Methodism.

Together / NEWSLETTER

SHOOTING PASTOR DID RIGHT. That's how New Albany, Ind., feels about its Methodist minister who shot and killed a bank robber. The bandit, advancing on the Rev. Robert Gingery, 37, with two pistols, had just slain the minister's friend, a state trooper. "Here's a man caught in circumstances over which he had no control," said the chairman of the Floyd County Ministerial Association. "Certainly there was no time to sit down and discuss the theological and philosophical aspects of the situation." Said Gingery: "I didn't feel that being a dead minister would help."

PROTESTING PAGAN RITES during the Ghana (Gold Coast) independence celebration, Protestant leaders—including the Rev. Geoffrey T. Eddy, Methodist district chairman there—boycotted the African ceremonies. Leaders had requested omitting the rites. Ghana, which became independent in March, has a Methodist community of 160,000, meeting in 1,200 places of worship, and managing 790 schools and five colleges.

WILL U.S.-VATICAN RELATIONS be resumed eventually? "I don't know," said Vice President Nixon, emerging from a 20-minute audience with Pope Pius XII. Nixon, a Quaker, and his wife, Patricia, a Methodist, brought the pope a personal message from President Eisenhower.

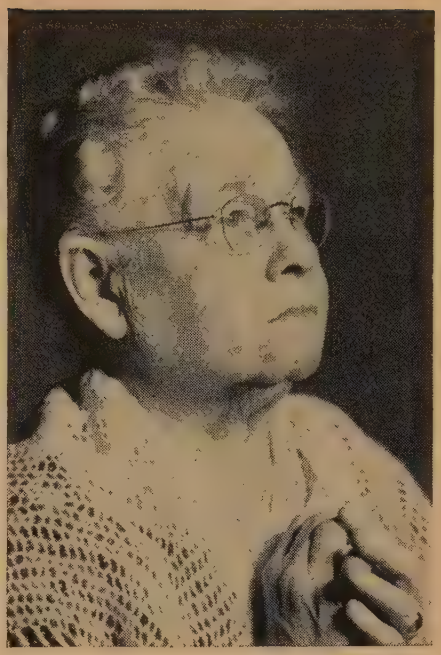
LOS ANGELES' FIRST METHODIST CHURCH is protesting to the Federal Communications Commission cancellation of its Sunday-morning radio broadcast, oldest in the nation. Purchased at regular commercial rates, the program was dropped because KFAC is replacing religious programs with musical shows, said the church.

NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN PANEL LEADERS clashed over segregation, but drew praise for "sensible," "intelligent" discussion at a recent national Methodist meeting. At the Chicago session (for annual conference board chairmen of social and economic relations), conferees scored "prohibitive" low-cost housing and encouraged ministers to get into politics on the precinct level.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING is becoming a lost art among Methodists, warns a long-time professor of church music. At a meeting to plan the 250th birthday celebration of Charles Wesley—and a revival of hymn singing—Dr. James R. Houghton, Boston University, observed: "A church that sings is on fire spiritually. A church that doesn't sing is dead or dying."

RACE RELATIONS DAY OFFERINGS (Feb. 10) are running 8 per cent ahead of last year at this time. In 1956, Methodists gave $340,700. The 1957 goal: $600,000, to help 14 Methodist-related Negro colleges.

(For more church news see page 65)



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The Face of Christ . . . By CARL SANDBURG

Portraits of Christ in the October TOGETHER *especially interested Mr. Sandburg. Recently in Chicago, where he was honored as poet of the year, he telephoned us from the airport: "Maybe you'd care to see what one of my characters in* Remembrance Rock *thought as he strove to carve Christ's likeness from a block of oak." We did—and now share it with you. The speaker is Oliver Windrow; the time, 1608; the place, England—seething with religious controversies.*—EDS.

THE CHRIST HEAD, the Christ face, what man will ever paint, chisel, or carve it? When finished it would float and gleam, cry and laugh, with every other face born human. And how can you crowd all the tragic and comic faces of mankind into one face? . . .

"Once I woke from a dream of day on day, month after month, seeking faces. I found one at an autumn fair, a tall peasant with flaxen hair. His smooth, waving tresses of oat straw had the gleam of summer sun ripening the grain, a mouth of compassion and resolves, eyes of anger and pity. He seemed beyond all others in a face made of all the good faces swarming at the booths, peddlers, acrobats. 'This,' I said in my dream, 'must be in the Christ face I shall foreshadow from a block of oak.'

"Then in my dreams I sought an evil face and found another tall man, gloss and black in his hair and eyes, a mocking mouth, eyes of cunning, cruelty, and sly greed, seeking possessions to pile on his accrued and fat-dripping possessions. Pride, sloth, gluttony were all there in his face. In him were blended all the sinners seeking land, gold, power, hunting women, wine, bargains beyond their needs. Lust, thievery, murder, sat on his face made of many vile sinner faces.

"And I said in my dream I would join these two faces, with the good one having its will over the evil one, the child of satan overcome by the Son of God, the sinner subdued by the saint. With fury and prayer I carved those two faces into one. Then I stood back and looked at it. What I had made was a gargoyle of two faces in combat. I needed thousands of other faces. The surge and wail of mankind, the pity of circumstance, were not there, nor the betrayers nor the saviors.

"Then in my dream I saw too that the face of Christ must have in it the essence and mystery of the sea and the sky, the valleys and the mountains overlooked by sun, moon, stars, and the heavy darkness where men grope and stumble. For the face of Christ would hold what every man sees, hears, smells, touches, tastes. And it would be very old and very young, older than bare hilltop boulders burnt and time washed, younger than the latest fresh-born child seeking its mother's nipples.

"The face of the landless man having no piece of soil he can call his own—and the face of the landlord owning more acres and miles of land than he will ever in his life have time to ride over—their mutual obligations, mistrust, and hate—they would be there on the face and head of Christ.

"The look he gave the Magdalene when she washed his feet and wiped them with her hair, the look he gave Judas to let Judas know he knew of the 30 pieces of silver, the look he gave the crowd when he turned water into wine and when he magnified the loaves and fishes for the feeding of the multitude, the private gaze he turned on the 12 disciples when they journeyed by themselves from city to city, the peace in his eyes when he turned them on the Galilee storm and commanded the waters to be still, the series of faces at the stations of the cross, the majestic anger in his nostrils when he drove the money-changers from the temple, the awful quiet on his lips when he bade Lazarus rise from the dead, the music and serenity of his mouth as the syllables poured forth in the Sermon on the Mount, the desperate gleam and twisted grimace over the mouth muscles in those blinding instants when the earth trembled and the sky darkened and he cried, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?', the baffling and dazzling radiance that issued from his hallowed head when he rose from the tomb in white robes and announced his work done and he would go home to his Father and await them to join him—must not all of these faces be joined, melted, and composed into one for setting forth the face of Jesus the Christ? Otherwise is it not less than the Christ face?" . . .

HE BROUGHT a goose-quill pen and inkpot with paper to the big table and began writing:

Before my Christ head comes alive out of oak, my heart must be sunk deeper and get closer interwoven with the hearts of all other men, the good who have some bad in them and the bad who have some good in them, none being utterly good, none being utterly bad. I must be shameless dust of the earth and roots singing underground till they become blossoms of harvest triumphant in the sunlight above. I must know the sorrow of endless tears and the deeper sorrow that has forgotten how to weep. I must come near the miracle of those who can give and go on giving when it is a mystery where they get what it is they give and never fail in the having to give. I must be silent often and break my silence only with prayer. I must believe in many deeds beyond my doing in the hope that one or two such unbelievable deeds may come from my hands.

From *Remembrance Rock* by Carl Sandburg; Copyright 1948, Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Keep your eye on strategic India, says Chief Justice Warren after visiting Asia. What happens there may affect the peace of the world.

New Hope for Old India

An interview with CHIEF JUSTICE EARL WARREN *reported by James C. Derieux*

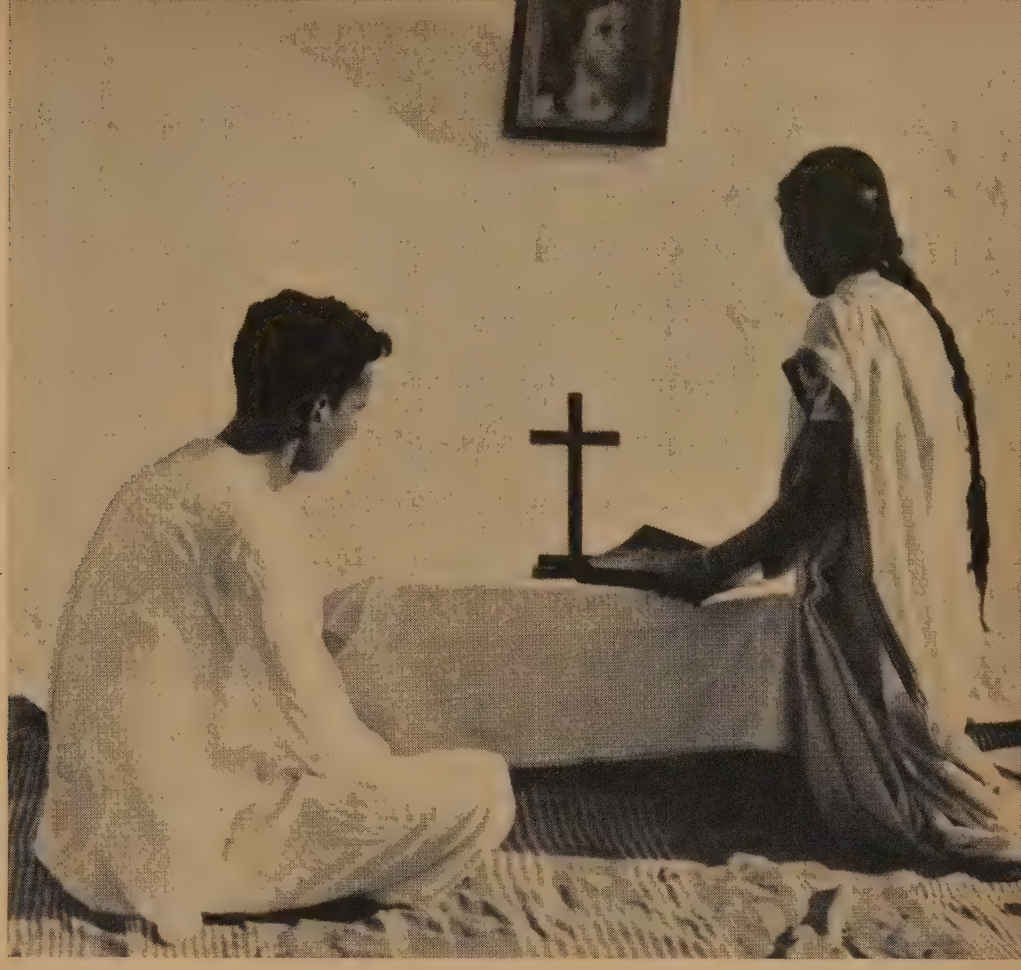
BEFORE I VISITED India, I had not imagined the significant similarities between that new republic and our United States.

Both countries are enormous, extending from ocean to ocean and from tropics to snow-clad mountains. We both can compute distances within our borders with a thousand-mile measuring stick. We both have great rivers and plains. We have diversified resources and climates. We have written constitutions guaranteeing in similar terms the freedom and dignity of the individual. And finally, this great spiritual similarity: Both are committed in domestic and foreign affairs to act in accordance with law and not with force.

In talks with Indian officials, judges, and lawyers, I confessed with embarrassment that I did not know much about their country. It is a sorry fact that in the United States we rarely were, until recently, directly concerned about the Asian nations and peoples. We knew something of India's colonial period, of her long and difficult struggles to achieve independence. But we had little or no appreciation of the wonderful cultural background of India, of the fact that civilization there can be traced back to antiquity; that 5,000 years ago their city of Mohenjo-Dare was of multiple-story, burnt-brick buildings, with wide streets, sanitation, and public baths.

We realize now, I hope, that it is only by understand-

Hauling a street roller: Indian leaders want machinery to free laborers for more productive jobs.



India has a soul—and devout millions—developed through thousands of years of struggle. Mainstays of Christianity are worshipful families like these.

ing the past of others that we can understand them in the present. In a talk over the All-India radio network before leaving India, I admitted our negligence in failing to learn more about them, and at the same time invited them to know more about us. I believe the welfare of the free world demands that India and the United States become closer friends, understanding one another, seeing clearly that the differences between us are incidental to our main objectives—liberty, justice, peace, satisfying ways of life.

"Free governments neither come into being nor conduct their affairs in accordance with any common pattern," I said. "They cannot be constructed from a blueprint of the government of any other nation. They are evolved in consonance with the history, culture, and economic conditions of the nation itself. Democracy is more a way of life than it is a form of government. All democracies have like objectives but, of necessity, different approaches. There are as many different ways of accomplishing democratic objectives as the ingenuity of the people can devise and, by devotion to purpose, implement.

"Within the framework of broad democratic principles there is the utmost latitude for developing programs for the welfare of the people in keeping with the conditions that present themselves. This is not only true as between nations, it is true within nations. In America—where each of our 48 states regulates its own domestic affairs, so long as it remains within the bounds of the federal Constitution—social, political, and economic problems are solved in a variety of ways. This is not frowned upon but is encouraged to the point where the states are said to be 48 laboratories for development of democratic processes."

It is a stimulating fact that in India, where only a few years ago there were many discriminations between castes and cultures, today there is a constitution like our own, which compels recognition by everyone of the dignity of the individual and his equality before the law, without regard to race, color, creed, or economic status. It is significant, too, that in India, as in our own United States, the people are of many national or racial origins, yet one in loyalty and fundamental objectives. Love of freedom is not derived from homogeneity of race or national origin. It is a longing in the hearts of all men who have had a chance to see that life on this beautiful earth can be pleasant, stimulating, and satisfying.

While in India, I sat with that nation's Supreme Court and several of the High Courts, counterparts of our state Supreme Courts. It was a great experience. The proceedings were all in English and conducted much like our own. Lawyers argued their cases in accordance with our concept of law and equity, reinforcing their arguments by citing American cases. The courts, like our own, were zealous in protecting the individual's rights.

I had discussions with many judges and private lawyers. It thrilled me to learn the importance given to the decisions of our own Supreme Court by attorneys and

THE $30 MIRACLE

METHODISM in India is starting its second century of service. Through the efforts of pioneer missionaries, and those who have followed, countless thousands have accepted Christ. But how many know what a vital part the "$30 miracle" played in giving this work the impetus it needed? Here, as old-timers recall it, is how it all happened:

The first U.S. Methodist missionary to India was William Butler, who left his pulpit in Lynn, Mass., to sail for his new field in 1856. He had barely started his work, however, when the India Mutiny broke out. The work of the church in India ground to a reluctant halt. But not for long.

In 1859, a young preacher in Ohio heard the call. James M. Thoburn—who was to spend 50 years of his life in India and to become one of the best-loved Methodist bishops—was fresh out of college. Brimming with enthusiasm, he arrived in India—to find there were exactly 13 Methodists in that vast subcontinent. And he labored a full year before winning the fourteenth!

But when Thoburn had dedicated his life to Christ he had made no mental reservations. He persisted. Results grew better, but were still slow. By 1890 there was still "too much" to be done. And that's when the $30 miracle occurred.

It was at the Northfield Student Conference. Thoburn, on a U.S. visit, was winding up a talk to college men when, as an afterthought, he mentioned that $30 would support an Indian Christian worker for a year. It wasn't a fund-raising appeal; the bishop was merely mentioning an incidental fact. But 100 students immediately pledged $30 each. One, Sherwood Eddy—who himself eventually spent half a century in India—recalled years later how dumfounded Thoburn was. But he wasn't nearly as surprised as Eddy was a year later when he received a report on the Indian worker his $30 had supported.

The Indian had won 100 other Indians to Christ! Eddy did some fast mental multiplication and saw the possibilities of the $30 miracle. He sent along another $30—and, in time, even sold his gold watchcase to keep the yearly gifts rolling. Scores of students and others joined in.

The result of this combination of money plus labor? Well, in 1909 when the semicentennial of Thoburn's sailing was observed, there were 200,000 Methodists in India. Thoburn himself baptized 1,000 in a single day. Recently it was estimated that one Indian out of every 45 was a Christian. The influence this has had on shaping Indian thought along the lines outlined by Chief Justice Earl Warren in the accompanying discussion of India's constitution is said to be overwhelming. The $30 miracle has paid the richest of dividends.

—ANOBEL ARMOUR

judges. In every court I visited I saw shelves of United States' court decisions and heard from many lawyers that they read all they can find in the field of American law. This fact brought home to me again the similarities between peoples who love freedom.

What about India's future? India's problems are incomprehensible to most Americans. Millions are at the edge of starvation. The Indian government is working heroically to ward off starvation and at the same time find enough money to develop natural resources and industries to raise the standard of living.

Already India has a large power, irrigation, and flood-control project, built with the Tennessee Valley Authority as a model, and constructed with assistance from former TVA men. When completed, this will bring a vast acreage into greater production. But it will be nothing like enough to relieve the tragic shortage of food for the millions of people, no longer so patient, who exist in the 500,000 villages of India.

Many other great projects of this kind are needed. Some industries have been established recently and are functioning admirably, particularly a locomotive-manufacturing plant and a steel-car plant to equip what until recently was a hodgepodge of medieval railroads.

India has been independent only about seven years. In this period its leaders have accomplished almost miracles. They have put together a free government for 377 million people of 14 basic languages and 200 dialects. They hold free elections, and at their first national election 100 million people voted. Their constitution guarantees the fundamental rights of the individual. Independent courts protect life, liberty, property. The people are governed by representatives of their own choosing. They have taken their rightful place in the community of free nations.

These things they have done in seven years, notwithstanding the poverty, congestion, and unhealthful conditions they inherited. Until recently, death by starvation was the lot of thousands yearly and it is estimated that as late as 1943, three millions died of starvation. Other millions were dwarfed from malnutrition. Between 80 and 90 per cent were illiterate.

I do not know the future. But I am sure that a nation which has accomplished these things in such adversity should have the understanding and help of the entire free world. It needs both, help and understanding, to keep body and soul together.

And India has a soul that has developed through thousands of years of travail. It is a peaceful soul that wants to follow the teachings of Mahatma Gandhi and the culture of thousands of years of civilization. If disaster from floods, droughts, or whatever can be held off a few years, and if they can live in peace, the Indian people should have a firmly established republic that could, and perhaps would, determine the direction the world takes —toward the law of force or the force of law in the coming centuries.

The free world will stand in imminent jeopardy if circumstances drive India toward the rule of men and away from the rule of law. The rule of men inevitably becomes the rule of a small group or of a man—a despotism.

There is no doubt in my mind about the direction India's leaders wish to take. The only doubt is whether conditions will allow them to guide their hundreds of millions of countrymen toward more freedom and at the same time more food and clothes, better shelter, and the other primary physical essentials which this nation needs so urgently at this time. India could become one of the greatest forces for peace the world has known, for the Indian people are as peaceful as any in the world in their natures and their philosophy.

The Indian government has had courage to do unpopular things because it has been necessary. In our own republic the people know they must at times accede to policy they do not like.

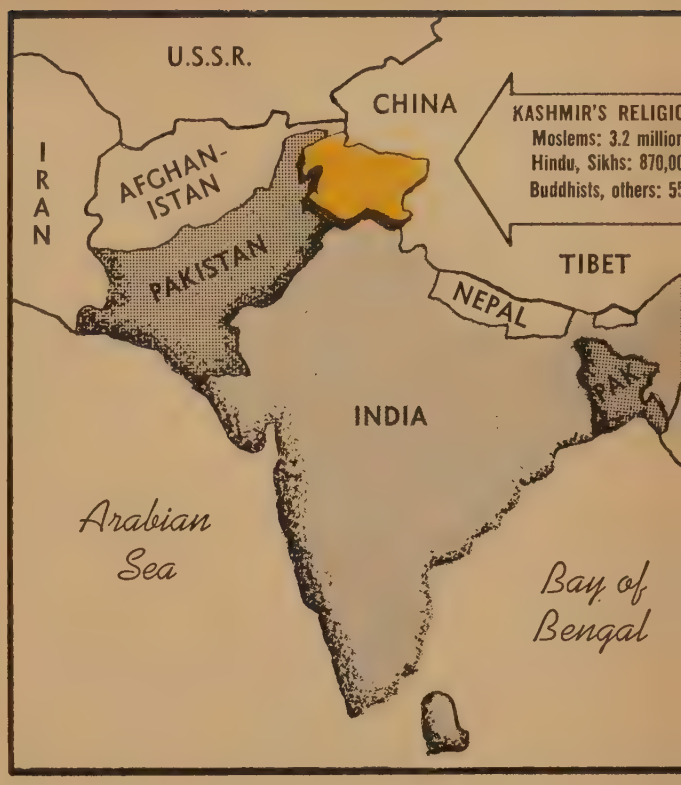
Freedom is not free. Knowledge that responsibility goes with privilege is a result of experience, and the Indian masses have not yet had full experience with freedom as we know it. There is danger here which we should understand and which should give us sympathy for the Indian leaders as they strive against the gravest handicaps to re-establish an ancient viewpoint of years ago: "May I be deprived of heaven, of life, and of offspring if I oppress you."

In man's long struggle for self-government and individual freedom, there have been many republics. They have lasted for varying periods, depending on the spirit of their people and their relations with neighbors. They have lasted as long as their people were determined to be free and were willing to sacrifice to solve their problems according to law rather than yield their principles to the dictates of a man.

Great leaders can supply wisdom, courage, and vision —but only a strong spirit of freedom and justice abiding in the hearts of the people can give that character to government which will make it last through the centuries.

We would do well, while praying for the strengthening of that spirit in ourselves, to include the people of India in our prayers.

Young India—a generation in transition. It may hold the key to a more peaceful world.



KASHMIR:

Beautiful but Combustible!

LIKE A fuse on a time bomb planted at the crossroads of Asia, Kashmir is smoldering toward a threatened explosion. To the free world, it is a dangerous test of Indian policy. For while India's constitution calls for peace and justice, as Chief Justice Earl Warren points out in the accompanying article, Indian troops are being accused of thwarting Kashmir's wish to unite with Pakistan.

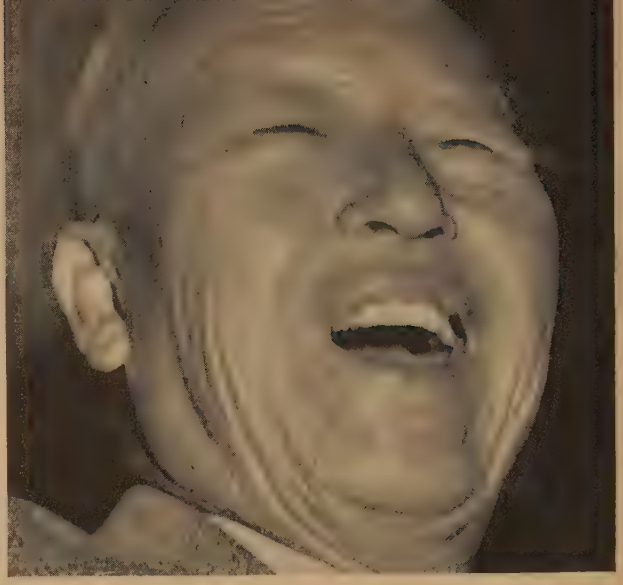
Beautiful, mountainous Kashmir once was a prince-ruled Indian state. Abutting China, Tibet, Pakistan, India, and strategic Afghanistan, only a stone's throw from Russia, it occupies a pivotal spot where Communism laps at the borders of the neutrals. When India was divided at the end of British rule into India and Pakistan, the local Hindu maharaja took Kashmir and its predominantly Moslem population into India. Irate Pakistanis invaded the state; India struck back. By 1949, when the UN arranged an uneasy cease fire, India's forces held two thirds of Kashmir.

Since then, a constituent assembly carefully chosen by Indian leaders has drawn up a constitution stating that Kashmir is "an integral part of the union of India." Pakistan insists that Kashmir's fate be put to a vote. Repeatedly the UN has called on India to live up to a 1947 promise to hold a plebiscite. Indian delegates' speeches boil down to this: India isn't getting out of Kashmir, isn't going to hold a plebiscite—at least for now.

Pakistanis point out that 11 plans have been put forth for settling the dispute; Pakistan has accepted all 11, India none. Too, Kashmir has 3.2 million Moslems in its 4.1 million population—and Pakistan is a Moslem state. India's position, backed by Russia: Pakistan committed the original aggression; because of religious overtones, any plebiscite could touch off new violence. And India won't cede away what it considers "Indian" territory.

Want to meet some interesting new people? Here's your chance: From far and wide come these five. All of them are:

Unusual Methodists



RHEE . . . million-dollar target!

IN A DANK prison cell in 1904, a young Korean prisoner of the Japanese gave his life to Christ. It was a momentous step. It led to affiliation with The Methodist Church, to education in a mission—and, in time, to Christian leadership for Korea. For that prisoner was Syngman Rhee, now president of the Republic of (South) Korea and anchor man of democracy's defense chain in the Far Pacific. Dr. Rhee, who holds "working"—not honorary—degrees from Harvard and Princeton, has long had a million-dollar price tag on his head, put there by the Reds, to whose total defeat he is devoting his life. How deep are his religious beliefs? Well, he refuses even to attend top-level policy talks at worship hours on Sundays. Daily reading of his Bible is as much a part of his life as breathing. Faith, to the Korean President, is "more powerful than the H-bomb."

DR. GRIFFITH . . . from mountain peaks to library shelves.

MAN OF a million books: That's what they call Dr. Ernest S. Griffith, director of the Library of Congress' Legislative Reference Service. He handles 60,000 requests a year from Senators and Representatives seeking information on legislative problems. But this onetime Rhodes Scholar, who in '58 is to become dean of American University's new School of International Service, is no pallid bookworm. At 60, he enjoys tennis, basketball, mountain climbing. (He once scaled 14 Adirondack peaks in a day.) An active Methodist layman, he teaches a Methodist Sunday-school class of senior-high boys—100 strong!

FLOYD AND PHYLLIS . . . bravo!

TWO young people now setting the operatic world aflame happen to be Methodists. Carlisle Floyd, son of a pastor in Florence, S.C., is being hailed as one of the nation's foremost composers for his *Susannah,* based on the story of Susanna and the elders. Soprano Phyllis Curtin, whose father is a Sunday-school superintendent in Clarksburg, W. Va., sings the lead. Floyd says he based his work on experiences as "a preacher's kid."

MRS. GOWEN . . . oldest reader?

EVERYBODY for miles around Sanford, Me., knows—and loves—Sarah Gowen. On her 100th birthday recently, congratulations poured in from such luminaries as President and Mrs. Eisenhower, and Bishop John Wesley Lord. Bouquets came from as far away as Japan. The only living charter member of the Bodwell Street Church, Mrs. Gowen is the oldest known reader of TOGETHER —and has been enjoying it since the first issue. Her credo for long life: "I don't worry. I just trust the Lord."

Through tragedy and doubt, a pastor learns the true meaning of the Resurrection.

The Easter Gift

By Herbert A. Francis

HE TRIED not to listen for the sound of his son's voice. The last few years, when he had sat down to put the final touches on his Easter sermon, he had always heard his wife getting young John to bed, trying to get him quiet and asleep so she could begin hiding the chocolate rabbits and the decorated eggs in the colored straw basket. She would lower her voice, and he'd hear her say, "Your father's writing what he'll say in church tomorrow. Be quiet and go to sleep, and tomorrow it will be Easter!"

After a while he would hear her tiptoe down the hall toward his study.

He turned and saw her standing there now, but her face was not bright as it had been on those other Easter eves, and when she smiled her blue eyes did not smile at all.

"Coffee?" she said, just as she always had, but he saw her glance toward the wadded sheets of paper on his desk, the futile attempts he'd made to write his Easter sermon.

She frowned a little, and he wondered if she knew, or even suspected, what had happened to him: that in the days since they had lost their son, he had lost something else—the very faith and hope he was trying to give to others.

"Margaret—" he began, and tried to smile.

"I'll get you some coffee," she said quickly. But she didn't go. She simply stood and looked at him for a long moment, and after a while she put her hand against his cheek and she said, "David, you haven't shaved."

He remembered, then, with a kind of shock: he had meant to shave when he came in from choir practice at six. He seemed to forget everything these days.

He looked up at her and saw their reflections in the mirror on the opposite wall. "What a handsome couple," his parishioners had said when he and Margaret had first come to Kerrville. They had warmed to his enthusiasm and Margaret's warm friendliness—and they had adored young John. "It makes the whole church look brighter just to see him there," one of the women had said.

He reached across his desk now, an almost involuntary gesture, to touch a familiar object. It seemed only yesterday that John had come running in from that birthday party, carrying the small glass paperweight with the snow scene inside it—two children on a sled.

"I got it for a favor at Charlie Garner's birthday party, and it's for you," he'd said excitedly. "It's for your desk. Here—watch!"

The boy had shaken it, staring enchanted at the snow falling silently inside the small glass sphere. And then, as if he could scarcely bear to give it up, he had set it soberly on his father's desk, alongside the Bible, the concordance, the reference books. He had lingered to look at it for one last moment, and his nose and mouth—about level with the desk—had made a moist spot on the glass of the paperweight.

"Thank you for the present. Now run along, young man. Your father's got a lot of work to do." That was all he'd said to his son that day—because it had seemed there'd be so many other days. He'd given John a brief hug—though his smile had lingered long after the child had gone—and he'd turned back to writing next Sunday's sermon. How could he have known—how could Margaret have known—that in only a few weeks. . . .

"I think I'd like that coffee, Margaret," he said now. "Maybe it'll help me think."

Still she didn't go. She delayed a little, straightening his desk. "I—I was cleaning John's room," she said finally. "I thought—Billy might sleep there tomorrow night."

He looked at her blankly for a moment. He'd forgotten that her sister was coming tomorrow morning, with her small son.

THEN all the feeling he had tried to keep inside him seemed to rush out, overwhelming him. He was hearing another child's voice in his son's room, running footsteps, childish laughter. But it would not be John's laughter, ever again.

"I'm sorry," he said very quietly, "You'd better tell them not to come here after all. I—we're too busy right now, working on the plans for the new church. Alice and Billy can go on to Mother and Dad's. They'd love to have them."

He saw the disappointment in her face, and he wanted to say: "Tell them to stay here. Billy can have John's room. It's all right, Margaret." But he couldn't. Billy was just John's age, John's size. His hair was even that same bright yellow.

Margaret had turned away and started down the stairs. In a few moments he could hear her setting the coffeepot on the stove, getting out cups and saucers.

He got up and started toward the bathroom to shave, passing the room that had been his son's. The door was open and he paused for a moment to look at the big, old-fashioned room that was bright with sun in the daytime.

It was a good room for a boy to grow up in; there had been plenty of space for John and his friends to romp. There was evidence of their playing everywhere; the taped windowpane where a baseball had gone through one rainy afternoon; the mended blanket that had served as a tepee during a brief Indian war between John and four friends; the carefully painted-over scars on the wall where John and his cousin Billy had set up a homemade dart game one afternoon when both their parents had been busy at the church. Several space-man pictures were still thumbtacked to the wall, and John's favorite books were still stacked on the bedside table, where he'd left them the day he was moved to the hospital.

Rheumatic fever—that was all the doctors could tell them. John had had the benefit of all the care and experience and scientific knowledge that a fine hospital had to offer, and all the prayers and hope and faith that his parents had to give. Yet it hadn't been enough.

He shut the door to John's room and went on down the hall, trying to think what he would say in church tomorrow: Easter, a time of joy, of rebirth, of believing.

LAST Easter he had looked down at his wife and son praying side by side in a front pew. John had worn the yellow-and-black plaid coat that Margaret had made for him, and his blond head had been as bright as the sunlight streaming in the windows.

That was the day they had taken the special collection for Korean orphans, and he'd seen John hesitate and then reach slowly, almost regretfully, into his pocket. He had got out the silver dollar his grandparents had given him for his birthday and dropped it into the plate. Seeing him, his father had thought in amazement: But that was the money he was saving to buy his new bike.

And then he'd remembered the conversation he'd had with the boy the night before. John had been lying on the living-room floor, gluing wings on a model airplane. "Is it cold there, Dad?" he'd asked. "In Korea, I mean?"

"In winter, yes. It's very cold. It goes down below zero."

"I guess those kids don't even have ear muffs, do they? Or gloves?"

"They don't have much of anything, John. They're war orphans. That's why we're trying to help them."

There'd been a long silence then, while John thought about it. And then he had gone upstairs. That must have been when he'd broken his bank to get out the silver dollar.

David had smiled that day in church. He had felt blessed. What had he said last Easter? He couldn't seem to remember. He knew only that the words had come from his

His gaze was drawn toward a blond head bent in prayer. . . . Then he remembered. It was Billy, John's cousin.

A Prayer

to make your own

Reinhold Niebuhr, clergyman and author

God

grant me

the

serenity

to accept

the things

I cannot

change,

the courage

to change the things

I can,

and the wisdom

to know

the

difference.

Amen.

heart—from a deep conviction and a simple, untested faith.

Now his faith had been tested—and found wanting. . . .

It was dawn when he finally finished his sermon. He stood up, stretched stiffly, and went to look out at the morning. It was a beautiful day, serene and still, with the white of a late frost showing here and there on the dark earth. It was the kind of day that, always before, had made him glad to be alive.

He turned from the window with a sigh. If only he could sleep! But he never seemed really to sleep any more; he would close his eyes and the doubts and the questions would begin.

He gathered up the final draft of his sermon, the words about life after death that had come to him so easily on other Easters. Before, they had sounded so sure and unshakable. Now he was unsure of them.

How can I lead others, he wondered, when I can't lead my own heart and thoughts?

AND yet later, when David stood in the pulpit, the congregation listened to him as they had always listened to him—rapt and silent, trusting and believing what he no longer was sure of himself.

His voice was low and his heart felt burdened with a heavy weight that was almost like guilt. If he kept his head lowered, his eyes averted, he need not look at the front pew, at Margaret, and the empty space beside her.

He opened the Bible and began to read the story of the Resurrection: "In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene . . . And behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow."

His voice trembled, faltered. His gaze was drawn toward the front pew—toward a yellow-and-black plaid coat and a blond head bent in prayer. It seemed to him that his heart would stop—and then he remembered. It was Billy, of course—John's cousin.

He went on with the service, forcing his voice to steadiness. But the faces before him were blurred and the lilies decorating the church seemed to be floating in front of his eyes.

Afterward, as he stood on the church steps greeting his congregation, he took young Billy's hand and held it a moment, fighting for self-control. "That coat," he said, trying to sound cheerful. "It's just like one John used to have. It—it gave me quite a start."

Billy looked up at him, grave and very clear-eyed.

"John gave it to me," he said in a quiet voice, "the day he went to the hospital. He said he wanted me to have it. Mother didn't want me to wear it today, but . . . ."

David put his hand on the boy's shoulder, on the shoulder of the coat that once had been his son's, and suddenly he wanted to call back his congregation—call them back and tell them what he had been too blind to see before: that there *was* no death, because even a small child's acts could live after him. Here, he knew now, was the secret of the Resurrection.

READER'S CHOICE

Have you a favorite short story or article? Mail the title, author, date, and source to the Reader's Choice Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. If you're first to suggest a feature we reprint, you'll be paid $25.

Mrs. Floyd Carson of Birmingham, Ala., sent in this Reader's Choice short story. It first appeared in *Collier's* April 16, 1954, is copyrighted, and is reprinted by special permission of the Harold Matson Company.—EDS.

John must have known, somehow, that he wasn't going to live, he thought.

But he said only, "I'm glad the coat fits, Billy. You and your mother are coming back home with us, you know. We want you to stay in John's room." He felt Margaret's touch on his arm, and even before he turned to look at her he could tell that she was smiling.

Let's Change Our Pace!

It isn't so much the fast clip that kills today—it's the need to let down and switch tempo.

By CHARLES W. FERGUSON

IT HAS BEEN years since I broke in a new car. But I remember that I followed scrupulously the injunction not to drive over 30 miles an hour for the first 500 miles. Then, after the breaking-in period, I was dumfounded to see what a difference a few miles an hour made. The experience opened up a whole new way of thinking; it taught me that any act performed at one speed is not the same as one performed at a different speed.

The pace that kills is the pace that never changes. Frequent change of pace will keep us from tedium on one hand or apoplexy on the other.

For most of us a change of pace means slowing down—but in many activities we should speed up. We may walk and talk too fast, but think and work too slowly.

Often the best way to get something out of the printed page is to read it fast, to see how quickly it can be intelligently covered, because the mind may wander when reading is too slow. Chances are, you should change your reading pace from leisurely inspection to concentrated, swift consideration. On the other hand, if you have become a hit-and-run reader, you may need to give each page more time. No one pace is adequate; there are books to be read hastily and others with loving delay.

We've been kidding ourselves with the notion we are rushed to death. We are rushed with the wrong things. In these we ought to slow down, but in others speed up. "Slow and easy" is no motto for an interesting life. Slowness may be a deterrent; often a man can get further with a difficult job by plunging into it full steam.

Frequently a change of pace is in itself a means of learning. Years of using the typewriter steadily—added to the fact that I never learned to write as a child—recently made it al-

Sunday and church—the best change of pace in the week!

most imperative that I improve my longhand. I discovered that I had been rushing pell-mell through my words. I disciplined myself to write plainly, meticulously. Associates testify gratefully that the improvement is a long step toward legibility. And what was once a chore has become a pastime.

Oddly enough, a job done at different speeds is not the same job at all. The motions and emotions connected with it are different. Many people who pine to change jobs need only change the pace with which they do their jobs—get variety into the tempo.

Originally, *pace* meant a step—literally, a stretch of the leg. In time, it came to mean any of the gaits of a trained horse or mule; later, a horse's swaying gait when both feet on the same side are lifted and moved forward at once.

In these meanings the word was tied up with speed, as in "the pace that kills," until modern sports writing brought into currency the phrase "change of pace." A baseball pitcher with a change of pace is one who can throw a ball that smokes and, using the same motions, follow it with one that lazes up to the plate so teasingly that the batter swings futilely before it reaches him.

The ablest pitcher is one who varies his shots. And the most effective person is one who alternates his hardest drives with an easing slowness.

I have discovered what a difference a change of pace makes when applied to breathing. Too many of us think of breathing as an unconscious process; actually, we can profitably control the rate of intake and output. I have found that when I am tired, yet tense, I can achieve relaxation and even sleep by slowing down the inhalations and emphasizing exhalations. The practice has immediate physical benefits; more importantly, it gives me a sense of command.

It's the same with eating. Most of us gulp our food and miss half the fun of eating. I was a fast eater. So I tried imagining that I was a slow-motion picture of myself. For the first time I really tasted foods I had been eating all my life.

The area in which I live is one of the uncelebrated scenic spots of the United States. Everyone accepts its charm as a matter of course. One reason is that no one drives slowly enough to appreciate the region. Until I slowed down in a new car I never even saw an old tulip tree on the way to the station. Its top is broken by a generation of storms, some of its limbs are missing, yet it survives with a pride and strength that shame me in moments of trifling discouragement. And there is a cathedral of trees and rocks on the parkway not a mile from where I live—a place of quietness and strength. Even to glance at it thought-

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
— JOHN WESLEY

Anxious to impress his parish, a new minister prepared his first sermon with care and committed it to memory. Sunday morning came and he stood up before the congregation to announce his topic, "Behold, I come." Then his mind went blank. He waited a moment, then repeated with assurance, "Behold, I come," but further words still eluded him.

Gripping the ancient podium he leaned forward. "Behold, I come," he stated firmly just as the podium gave way. There was a crash and he found himself in the lap of an elderly woman.

"I really should have expected you," she said with dignity. "You told me three times you were coming."

—Mrs. O. L. Willits, *Holly, Colo.*

Two men were arguing about religion. "I'll bet $5 you can't even say the Lord's Prayer!" challenged one.

"Ha, that's easy," replied the other. " 'Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my soul to keep . . .' " and so on.

"Here's your $5," said his friend. "I didn't think you could do it."

—Mrs. C. Shockley, *Greentown, Ind.*

When my son was about four, he sat between his grandmother and father through a service which was opened by singing, "Peace, be still."

After the service, grandmother complimented the child for being so quiet. He replied, "Didn't you hear them sing, 'Please, be still'?"

—Mrs. Ralph McPherson, *Mt. Vernon, Ill.*

Six-year-old Laura's mother worked in a department store six days a week. One afternoon when the child and her friends were playing, they began talking about eternity. "My mama is going to heaven," said one.

"All our mamas are going there," replied another.

"Not mine," Laura declared. "She can't get off from work."

—Harland E. Fitch, *Seattle, Wash.*

Send in your favorite church-related chuckle. If we print it, you'll receive $5. Sorry—no contributions can be returned.—Eds.

fully in passing is to experience a moment of vespers. I had never been aware of this spot until I changed my pace.

Since in my work I have to talk a lot, I have fallen into the habit of talking rapidly. Lately I decided to alternate rapid speech with periods of slowing down, weighing each word, and letting its implications have full play. This, I find, keeps the listener's attention and makes me phrase my ideas more clearly. But it does more—it affords me a new sense of confidence.

Contrarily, haven't you known dreary, hesitant people who ought to try talking fast for a change? While they fumble with facts, ideas, and phrases, you'd like to jolt them into thinking a sentence swiftly through before they begin it.

It is to our credit that most of us realize the need for new rhythms in our living. A Hindu visitor from India told me about the doorman of a New York hotel who accosted him as he got out of a cab. The doorman had watched the Indian go and come several times. This time he drew the visitor aside. "Say," he said, "give me a little of this Hindu philosophy stuff —all you can in two minutes."

There is pathos in the incident; there is also magnificence. We have a kind of yearning recognition of values not prominently a part of our culture. The Indian, a distinguished scientist, maintained throughout his stay in America his practice of a full hour of meditation every day. He did it by getting up an hour earlier—speeded up his rhythm to get the full values of slowing it down.

For a number of years I have made it a consistent practice to go to church on Sunday morning. There are few times in modern life when one has a chance to think about things that are important rather than urgent. Church affords a change in tempo. Sunday itself offers a welcome relief from the ulcer rush of the week. A church service is better still, for in the cadences of the Scripture passages, the responses, and the hymns one finds a refreshing newness of timing after the boogiewoogie and tom-tom prose of television and radio and commerce.

I would not like to have my mind read at all times while I am in church. But if my thoughts stray from the sermon they are tethered to something suggested by the minister and something I do not find elsewhere. But I speak now chiefly of the experience of being there, of escaping —in the best sense of the word—from the grime of hasty routine. On this point I never fail to feel benefit. Whatever the preacher's topic, to me he is preaching on the basic injunction heard by the Psalmist, "Be still and know that I am God."

I like the sense of timelessness, peculiarly needed today, that I get from the Bible. When the Psalmist exclaims in a moment of illumination, "For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, or as a watch in the night," it does not seem to me that he is measuring time by our standards but that he is showing us that this thing called time is merely an illusion created by man for his convenience.

One of the great values of religion is to change our whole intellectual pace with the concept of eternality—of matters that rise above the clock and the machine. Nothing gives me a better sense of eternity than the hymn I have heard 500 preachers sing without any fancy modern instrument at Methodist conferences:

When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we've first begun.

And part of the beauty of the timelessness came from the fact that the slow-paced rhythm of *Amazing Grace* was at variance with the syncopated jazz of the age. And it was emphasized by the slow and even way the preachers rose up and down on the balls of their feet as they sang.

It seems to me finally that the need for a change of pace goes deeper now than ever. It cannot be met adequately by little exercises of the mind and the tongue and the hand. The soul as well as a pitcher can profit by variety in gait. Slowing down the body may speed up the perception of what matters most.

It is from the affirmations of the Christian faith that we get our basic idea of eternity. We ought not to neglect any appointed time when the soul, through a change of pace, is given a chance to see.

How I Think of Immortality

By Edwin Markham, *Late Author of* The Man With the Hoe.

DOES MAN survive the grave? Does he pass onward to some wonderful existence beyond the shadow of the valley? If he does, we ought to know something about it; for it is a beautiful thing to look ahead, to take the short step with the long look.

I believe that there are more revelations of life to come. I believe that God is the Divine Dramatist; that he has created a vast drama with many exits and many entrances; that this earth life is only one scene in the romance of the infinite.

Yet it looks to us as if the footsteps of the departed one die out forever at the grave. We see no footstep going beyond. But philosophers know that seemings are often deceptive. We see the star set; yet no star goes down but it climbs another sky.

So I believe that when the soul disappears from this world, it disappears only to become manifest upon another scene in the wondrous drama of eternity.

It is not incredible to me that we should survive death. The thing that is incredible is life itself.

Why should there be any life at all? Why should this world of stars ever have come into existence? Why should we be here in this sun-illumined universe? Why should there be green earth under our feet? Why should there be the whitening ocean?

All this revelation of grace and of grandeur, this is the incredible thing. Whence did it come, and what power sustains it through the long cycles of time? This mystery excites my astonishment, compels my conjecture, creates my reverence.

Life is incredible, yet we know that we are here in the midst of life. Some Ineffable Power has called us out of the unknown. And the Power that has called us into this revelation of wonder can easily have prepared for us another surprise beyond the abyss of death. I believe that this Higher Power has created a world for us beyond, a world of the spirit.

And there is a philosophy of spirit that supports this view. Saint Paul gives us the key to it in his great statement—"There are bodies natural, and there are bodies spiritual."

In other words, there are two kinds of substance in the universe. There is a natural or physical substance, and there is a spiritual substance.

We know something of material substance, for we are constantly in contact with material forms. But

"As soon as death clears away the mist of matter, we look at once into the next world."

these forms are not living forms. They take on the appearance of life in plants and animals and men; but they take on this appearance only because there are living spiritual forms within them.

The flower is alive only because there is a spirit flower within it, a spirit flower that ascended out of the substance of the spiritual globe that exists, and always has existed, within this outer physical globe. The bird is alive and pulsing with joy only because there is a spirit bird within it.

A man is alive and meditates on the great mysteries only because there is a spirit man. Back of the human body there is a spiritual body, back of the physical brain there is a spiritual brain—something that is spirit, something that is vital substance, something that is deathless and divine.

In the light of this philosophy, all forces are spiritual forces. Material forces are non-existent. The winds blow and the waves leap and thunder against the cliff, the thinker thinks—all as the result of spiritual forces, whose occult origin is in the spiritual world.

So we men and women are spirits now. Man does not become a spirit at death: the embryo of his spirit is bestowed upon him in the mother's womb. He comes into the world a soul, wearing the body, "this muddy vesture of decay," as a time-vesture, as a temporary envelope, which enables him to function for a while upon this lower nature plane.

What, then, is the soul?

The soul is an organism; it is an organism existing as the living form within the body. Hence every physical organ of a man has a spiritual organ within it, giving form and stability to the physical. So when this spirit form leaves the body at death, the body begins to crumble, because nothing is left to maintain the fabric of the frame. The soul is the form maker, the body builder: "the soul is form, and doth the body make."

Since the soul is the living substantial organism within my physical organism, I do not look at you *with* my physical eye, but *through* my physical eye: I do not feel *with* my physical hand, but *through* my physical hand; I do not think *with* my physical brain, but *through* my physical brain. The only thing that can see, can feel, can think, is the spiritual organism within the physical frame.

What was the ground of the old skeptics when they denied the survival of the soul? They said that the physical brain secretes thought somewhat as the liver secretes bile. Therefore, when the physical brain crumbles, the whole man crumbles.

POET OF FAITH

When Edwin Markham saw Millet's famous painting, *The Man With the Hoe,* he was inspired to write a poem about it. His poem became as famous as the painting and brought the author world-wide notice. This article, written shortly before Markham's death, was sent in as a Reader's Choice by Mrs. Grace Gale of Tucson, Ariz. It has been condensed from the original version in the *Christian Advocate,* April 2, 1931.

If there is nothing but a physical brain in us, the old skeptics would be right, because as soon as the physical brain melts away, there would be no thinker left. But if a man thinks with his spiritual brain, then death has no power to destroy the thinker.

Now, what happens to a man at death? The soul of the man, with only a brief delay, passes into the soul of the world. What I call the soul of the world is the spiritual world that is embedded and breathing as the living substance within the physical world. Matter is only a mist; and back of this mist is the primal and undying world, the world of spiritual reality, the world that pulses and vibrates in all these thousands of physical forms. All this wonder we call nature is only the time-vesture of the eternal.

If nature is only a time-vesture, the body may also be looked upon as a time-vesture. The use of the body is to enable the soul to come into contact with the physical world, and thus absorb the knowledge that a man can acquire on this physical plane. The divine Master of the Universe wishes to give us many kinds of experience; so we have these material bodies in order that we may take part in this earthly scene in the long drama of existence. Each man is given a physical body somewhat as an actor is given a mask for his appointed role.

Wearing this mask of the body, we come into conscious contact only with the physical world. Our physical eyes, for example, project our spirit-sight only into the physical universe. Thus the spiritual world is temporarily shut away from our vision. This is the reason we do not see into the world of spirits that is pulsing all around us.

As soon as death clears away from the soul the mist of matter, we look at once into the next world with all its wonders. And it is a blessed thought that all the departing men and women are received by noble comrades, and are made to feel at home on the paths of the new existence.

And it is also blessed to know that a departing soul does not need a physical body; in the hereafter he will not need such a body any more than a hand needs a discarded glove. The spiritual body will be all-sufficient: it will be an electro-vital body, organic, evolving, imperishable.

We now see that the higher spiritual world is not, as Dante thought, in some remote expanse in the heavens. The spiritual world is here, here very near these earthly paths we travel—near us, but invisible to our eyes on this hither side of death. It is within our physical world just as a man's soul is within his body.

And at death, what happens? The spirit-man, after a brief waiting, rises out of the cast-off husk of the body. This is the resurrection.

Where does the man go? He doesn't go anywhere; for he immediately finds himself in the spiritual world, finds himself mingling with his old friends, his old associates. Each man goes to his own kind, for spiritual affinities are universal, and are forever drawing us to our fates, to our fortunes.

Here is something to give us pause: *each man goes to his own place*. Each man joins those who are kindred to him in spiritual qualities.

This is a terrifying fact: we go to those who are kindred to our souls. Only by being noble ourselves shall we ever come into permanent association with other noble comrades.

I am giving you my judgment based upon my study of the Bible and the great seers; also upon my knowledge of the logic of life. We will hereafter go to those who are kindred to our spirits, whether they be good or whether they be evil. Vast groups in the next world will gather together under the persistent urge of spiritual gravitation, of spiritual affinity.

This social law is the basis of the idea of hell and heaven—hell being the rallying ground of the loose thinkers and loose livers, that horde whose ruling love is the push of the self-life. Heaven is the rallying ground of those consecrated men and women who believe in love and justice, who believe in subordinating private interest to the public welfare, who believe in the services and generosities of the holy brotherhood. All men and women of this noble sort will inevitably gravitate toward one another, will seek to organize themselves into a society under the inspiration and leadership of the social Christ.

Thus we see that both hell and heaven are founded upon the logic of life. What happens here on earth gives a forecast of all that will happen hereafter.

It is my belief that the next world will do much to set wrongs and miseries of this world right. In that better country men will still be men, and women, women; and I feel sure that immense preparation has been made there for the amendment of all the lacks and losses of this earthly life.

Unquestionably, the next world will have lofty realms for all ascending and expanding souls. The horizon of knowledge will be widening forever.

Here on earth we are cramped, cabined, and confined. But in that better country that is ahead, teachers will include the wise men and women of all lands and of all ages. Socrates and Plato and Anaxagoras will be there with more than the wisdom of Greece; Dante and Savonarola and Mazzini will be there with more than the wisdom of Italy; Carlyle and Ruskin and Charles Kingsley will be there with more than the wisdom of England.

The next world, then, is not a floating phantasy. It is something as practical as wood chopping. There all upward-looking souls will enter into their real happiness, for they will enter into the joy of the holy brotherhood. Selfishness will be eliminated. This is the main practical purpose of religion—to help us to eliminate selfishness and to make us ready for a divine society on earth and for a divine society in the heavens.

There, O friends, you will enter the path of an eternal progress. There will be a field for the manifestation of all your dreams.

If you are an artist, there you will practice your art; if you are a gardener, there you will practice your craft: if you are a scientist, there you will find ample field for exploration into the laws and processes of the universe; if you are a political leader with an honest heart, you will find opportunities for service in organizing higher expressions of brotherhood. In that better country will exist that nobler form of political wisdom where government becomes the organ of fraternity.

So it is a great hope that we have ahead—a social and industrial order quickened by the spirit of the Christ and based utterly on love, labor, and loyalty.

God is eternal youth. This is the reason why the earth sinks into winter, only to rise into the glory of a new spring; this is the reason why the universe, although snowed upon by the ages, remains forever young. And this is the reason why all souls who touch the vitalizing and valorous love-life of God round at last into youth again on the fragrant paths of the new existence.

What an inrush here of the high poetry of the heart, what a vision of the supernal beauty—this throwing off of the hard husk of time, and this return of earth's weary millions to the lost flower of their years!

Here are the suggestive words of a great seer:

"In heaven the angels are advancing continually to the springtime of their youth, so that the oldest angel appears the youngest. . . . To grow old in heaven is to grow young."

They Started Sunrise Services

GOING to sunrise services Easter morning? If you are, you owe a debt to a little band of men and women you probably never heard of. There were 100 of them—a few may still be alive—and the only thing they had in common until that Sunday morning in 1909 was the fact that they were guests in a California hotel.

But following that morning they had achieved an honor they treasured ever after—for they held the first known Easter-sunrise service in America.

Here, according to old-timers, is how the sunrise-service custom came about:

Not far from Riverside, Calif., looms Mount Rubidoux. There shortly after 1900, a large cross was erected on top of the mountain—and in 1909, Jacob Riis, writer and social crusader, was inspired by its sight to make a prediction. He told Frank Miller, owner of the Mission Inn where he was a guest, that someday "an annual pilgrimage" would be made to the cross.

The next Sunday was Easter, and on that day Miller invited 100 of his guests—Riis had left by then—to welcome in the holy day with sunrise rites on the mountain.

An annual high light of the Rubidoux service is the reading of a special verse from the poem, *God of the Open Air,* by Dr. Henry van Dyke—a verse the author added to the original poem especially for the sunrise worshipers:

And so, on Easter morn, his victory won,
Breaking the mortal bars that sealed the tomb,
In a fair garden filled with flowers abloom
The risen Jesus met the rising sun.

Miller's idea caught on. Now, on Easter Sundays, 20,000 or more worshipers gather at dawn on Mount Rubidoux, while hundreds of thousands of other Americans meet in similar observances from coast to coast.

—*By VINCENT EDWARDS*

Carl and roly-poly Gregory.

**Meet the amazing Carl Doss family—
they adopted 12 children nobody wanted;
their love knows no bounds;
their art of Christian living is a model
for families everywhere.**

They Adopted the 'UN'

You think you're busy with your family. You should see the rumpus and hear the laughter in the 17-room home of Carl and Helen Doss in Redlands, Calif. They adopted a dozen children representing 16 nationalities. But probably they won't adopt any more: "Twelve is about as many as we feel we can have and still give individual attention."

Thirteen years ago, Carl Doss was a Methodist minister when he and his wife adopted their first baby. They went back for more, but were told they would have to wait unless they took "unadoptables"—children of other races. Now Doss youngsters range in age from 5 to 14, from blondes to brunettes, from Chinese to a Blackfoot Indian.

PHOTOGRAPHS: NOLAN PATTERSON

With 24 potential flat tires, Carl Doss is an expert bike repairer. Most toys come as gifts from friends.

"Never mind." A small boy in need of mother love is certain to find it in Mrs. Doss' arms.

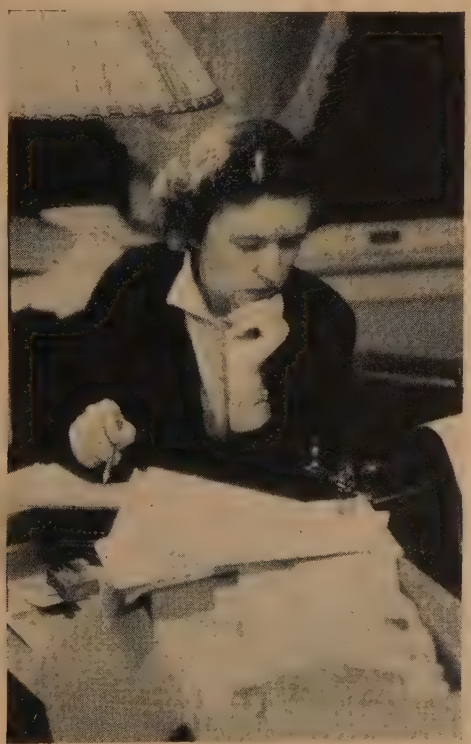
The house and playgrounds of this UN family hum with activity. The Dosses share in recreation; enjoy outdoor fun.

The Doss Daily Dozen lines up for breakfast. All sing the blessing at the table. Later each child is assigned a special chore.

Mrs. Doss runs the family beauty parlor. Dad is barber for six sons.

Fourteen hungry Dosses eat five pounds of potatoes per meal, drink 16 quarts of milk daily. Helen buys eggs by case.

His international family clusters around Carl Doss for the quiet hour. A member of the California-Nevada Conference, Carl reads everything from the classic Heidi *to the Bible.*



End of a perfect day! Helen adds up family accounts, answers heavy mail about her UN family—and still finds time to write and teach!

I Was There (SIMON OF CYRENE)

By CHESTER A. McPHEETERS

Minister, Metropolitan Methodist Church, Detroit, Mich.

Yes, I carried his cross to Golgotha.
They made me carry it. I refused as long as I dared.
But black men cannot always refuse the white man's orders.
Little people cannot resist the powerful people forever.
We are finally forced to submit, to obey.
Some force us with whips. We yield and hate.
Some force us with kindness. We yield and love.
That happened to me that day in Jerusalem.

I had just arrived from Cyrene.
I was walking along the street when I heard a frightening, rumbling sound.
It sounded like thunder. But the sky was clear.
Then I recognized human voices, angry voices, sobbing voices.
Then I saw the procession.
At the head of this slow-moving company was a tall, slender man.
He was dragging a cross too heavy for his frail body.
He stumbled and fell. And he didn't get up.
A Roman soldier struck him with his whip, but he couldn't get up.
He was down to stay.
He lifted his head and looked around as if hoping some friend would help him.
Some women wiped the blood from his face.
They tried to lift the cross. But it was too heavy for them.

I wanted to run away. And yet something held me there.
I couldn't take my eyes from his face.
I wished I had never come to Jerusalem.
And yet, I was glad that I was there.
Then the Roman centurion saw me.
I knew instantly what he intended to do.
He came striding toward me, his face hard and cruel.
I could not move!
The hatred of my heart drove hot blood to my head.
I wanted to drive my two big fists into that evil, sneering face.
How I hated him and all he stood for in that moment!
And yet I felt pity for him.
Maybe he hated this job.
Maybe he did not relish his work.
All he knew was to obey orders.
I looked past the centurion and saw that man pinned to the stones of the street by the heavy cross.
The centurion shouted his order at me angrily: "You, black man! Come and carry this cross to Golgotha!"

"No!" I shouted. "No! I will not! I am not of Jerusalem. I am not your black man."
But even as I spoke I knew that I would carry that cross to Golgotha.
I would carry it—not because the centurion ordered me, nor because the soldiers could punish me with their whips and swords.
I would bear that cross because some strange power drew me to the man who looked so helpless and alone.
He needed someone to lift that load from his back.
But more . . . he needed a friend!
And I felt I wanted to be his friend!

I stepped into the street and toward him.
The centurion followed me.
I forgot all who were watching.
It was as if just the man under the cross and I were there alone . . . just the two of us.
As I stooped to shift the cross from his back to my shoulders he smiled.
He spoke quietly to me, "Thanks! My brother!"
A strange strength surged through my body. I felt I could have carried the gates and walls of Jerusalem in that moment.
I was no longer just a black man. I felt I was a son of God!
"Thanks! My brother!"
For the first time in my life I was not conscious that I was black!

I do not remember the walk up Golgotha's hill.
I cannot recall carrying the cross.
Other arms and shoulders must have borne its weight.
There were just two of us walking that sad way that day . . . just he and I.
I followed him . . . and felt that what I was doing was right and good.
On the hill, I felt shame for the priests in their ceremonial robes.
I was sorry for the people who jeered, "Let his blood be upon us . . . !"
They did not know what they were saying.
The only person on the hill who needed no pity was this tall, slender man.
But—a great change came over him as he stood there waiting.
He no longer looked frail and lonely.
He appeared refreshed, sure of himself, unprotesting, unafraid.
I was proud of him!
Then . . . he did something so unexpected that everyone gasped.
The priests looked at each other with misgivings and fear.
The soldiers were stunned and stood uneasy waiting their orders.
That man with the crown of thorns on his head, and bloodstains on his face, walked deliberately to the cross where I had dropped it.
He looked down on it for a moment.
Then . . . he turned and lay down on it as if lying down for a nap.
No one could breathe for a moment.
The centurion stared in amazement.
Finally, in a harsh whisper, he ordered the guards to do their work.
Hurriedly they pounded the nails into his hands and feet.

I had seen many punishments, brutal and evil.
But I had never seen a crucifixion.
My teeth bit into my lips until I tasted blood.
Those nails went right through his hands . . . into my heart.
I closed my eyes to shut out the cruel scene.
I fell to my knees.
I prayed that God would forgive all these people who did not realize what they were doing.
He did not struggle.
No word of protest, no cry of pain came from his lips.
As I knelt, weeping—and hating the men who had done this thing to him—the soldiers dropped his cross into its socket . . . between two thieves.

I came closer to him then.
I wanted him to know that I was his friend to the very end.
His lips moved. I could not hear all that he said.
He seemed to be talking to someone very near.
He looked at me and smiled, as if saying again, "Thanks! My brother!"
Once more I felt that strange power surge through me.
I felt like a new man!
All the evil deeds I had ever done were now forgiven and forgotten.
All the hatred and resentment I had ever felt was gone out of me.
I was born again! I was free!
I loved everybody!
Nobody could ever again hurt me!

I never dreamed that my name would be known beyond Cyrene.
What I did that day in Jerusalem, I did for him . . . and for him alone!

Two Methodists Look at Social Drinking

WHY THIS DEBATE? **Abstinence is not required of persons becoming members of The Methodist Church. But there is no question about The Methodist Church's official attitude toward drinking alcoholic beverages. The *Discipline of The Methodist Church*—which records Methodist legislation—says in part:**

> **"Against the confused moral judgments of our age with respect to drinking and the liquor traffic, The Methodist Church lifts the clear voice of the Christian conscience. The teaching of Christ emphasizes, as one of its basic principles, the sacredness of each human personality. The use of alcoholic beverages . . . not only impairs physical health but . . . deteriorates character. . . .**
>
> **"The drinking of alcoholic beverages is increasingly responsible for the disintegration of the home as witnessed by social service records and those of divorce court proceedings. It is a major cause of public disorder, disaster, and traffic injuries and fatalities. It causes poverty and produces economic waste in industry and commerce. It is a corrupting influence upon the conduct of public affairs. It is a most formidable obstacle to the good life. . . ."**

THUS SAITH the *Discipline*. It reflects the overwhelming majority view of nearly 800 men and women (equally divided between laymen and clergy) who meet every four years as representatives of 10 million Methodists to transact church legislation. At Minneapolis last May, the General Conference reasserted Methodism's "long-established conviction that intoxicating liquor cannot be legalized without sin . . ."

However, Methodism is a democratic—not an authoritarian—church. Its tradition of open discussion is rooted in philosophy of founder John Wesley, who advised Methodists to "think and let think." The *Discipline* has recorded many changes of mind among Methodists since 1784. For example, no longer does it condemn "those worldly amusements . . . such as card playing, dancing . . . attending circuses and theatrical performances."

Should Methodism's stand on "social drinking" also be relaxed? The Board of Temperance and other official agencies of the church emphatically believe not. From its headquarters in Washington, just across the park from the nation's Capitol, the Board of Temperance carries on a vigorous educational campaign for total abstinence among members of The Methodist Church. The Board encourages informed open discussion. In harmony with that spirit, TOGETHER herewith impartially presents two divergent views from lay people on one aspect of the larger problem.—EDS.

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IS THE CHURCH'S STAND MAKING HYPOCRITES?

asks MARY MILLER, housewife, mother, church-school leader.

HAVE YOU ever felt that The Methodist Church's stand on drinking is making a lot of hypocrites of us today?

I feel that way, and I think I speak for worlds of good Methodists everywhere. That's why I'm sitting down to write this now. My husband and I have just had an unpleasant experience on this question—the same thing might have happened to you—and I've got to get it off my chest. Never mind the cakes that have to be baked for Circle meeting or the collecting for the United Fund.

To begin with, my husband (a chemical engineer) and I are in our 30s. One night we attended a meeting of the church's Couples' Club. They had voted to hold a party and the only place available that was big enough for a group our size was a roadside restaurant a few miles from town.

When we all got settled, I asked, "What shall we order?" The fellow next to us said, "I sat and drank root beer all evening last year. This time I'm ordering beer!" So we ordered beer, too.

I drank beer with my husband when he was just a poor graduate student, as did all our friends there, without exception. We have a glass of beer together at home now. It's pleasant and companionable, and we believe as immaterial and irrelevant to our religion as whether we eat fish on Friday.

But I know Methodists, or at least I certainly think I do. I started to a Methodist church as soon as I could walk, and my mother has taught Sunday school since before that time, and I have a brother who is a Methodist minister. So I think I know Methodists.

The night of the church couples' party my first cowardly impulse was to say, "Order something else for me tonight." Then I realized that this was hypocrisy, clear and simple, and I know what my husband thinks of hypocrisy. He detests nothing so much as a phony, and I love him for that.

So there I sat, drinking my beer, and straight across from me at the next table sat the Sunday-school superintendent with a strange, and I imagined, a disapproving look. Not a "Milquetoast," I might add; just a good, sensible, admirable man. Whether he actually disapproved or whether I imagined it, I felt guilty and somehow disgraced, and this is the frustration I'm steamed up about. Yet if I were to face the situation honestly again, I would do exactly as I did that night.

Probably by this point you're critical or disgusted with me. Perhaps you've never encountered the problem in this way. But it is very real and serious and faces great numbers of us. We know what The Methodist Church says about drinking and we understand its position—but we think of "drinking" as the opposite of temperance. We believe in sobriety, as does the church, but we heartily resent the feeling of guilt and wrongdoing such as resulted from the incident I have described. Most of our friends drink, and their religion either doesn't condemn it or they don't care, or perhaps they don't drink in front of their church friends and call it being discreet rather than something else.

I would rather be honest, and I don't want my children growing up to think a person who drinks beer or an occasional cocktail is therefore an undesirable associate. Certainly the people I speak of are not undesirable. They're alert, intelligent, open-minded, self-respecting people who know where they want to go and how to get there. Not a square in the lot!

Moderate cocktail drinking with friends serves as an icebreaker and a pleasantry—that's all. An habitual drunk would be just as unwelcome as the person who would hold up a hand in dismay when a cocktail was offered.

I can't say I don't care what the church thinks, either. I can't even take the casual attitude of many of our friends who say, "We'll take what we want from the church." I *care*.

Tell me if you think I'm wrong in predicting the outcome of this particular episode. It was bizarre enough to have attracted attention, and we're new and under scrutiny, so to speak, so it will get around. People who once smiled graciously and extended a hand and murmured, "Good morning" after church may look at and through us vaguely. A few will frankly look as if they had encountered a bad odor. Others may nod briefly and hurriedly begin searching for a glove, or the reassuring face of a discreet friend.

Things like this are happening all the time to young churchgoing people like us. We are people who consider ourselves intelligent and reasonable. We have earned a certain place in the world, and we will not be shoved around. If you make us feel guilty because of the way we live, we will stay away from church in droves.

Is it the purpose of The Methodist Church to reform us? I frankly don't think this is practical. There are too many of us. To shun us? To what Christian purpose? To make hypocrites of us? No thanks. It would be easy for us to join the ranks of those who sip silently behind drawn draperies, so that they can feel the good glow of approval on Sunday morning.

We'd prefer to be honest—to be ourselves. What would you prefer? Is this something we have to work out ourselves, or can we do it together?

FOR THE OTHER SIDE TURN THE PAGE ▶

2 OUR CHURCH MUST NOT RELAX ITS STAND!

says LESTER KEYSER, Methodist physician, surgeon, lay leader.

WHY HAS The Methodist Church, throughout its history, been so strongly opposed to drinking? The church is convinced that often social drinking is the first step toward alcoholism; that the use of alcohol is costly economically, spiritually, mentally, and physically. The church is convinced that the safest way to guard against the consequences of alcohol is to avoid the *first* drink.

Our church must not relax this stand.

As a Methodist layman who frequently makes temperance talks, I am aware that a majority of the adult population of the United States indulges in social drinking. Some of the advocates of social drinking are Methodists, I might add. Yet, advocates of social drinking, I find, unconsciously acknowledge that they do not really believe there is little harm in so-called "moderation."

"Two cocktails won't hurt anyone," a social drinker told me recently. Yet I doubt if this man would approve two cocktails for the pilot of his plane during flight, for the surgeon who is about to perform a delicate operation on his wife, or as an appetizer for his seventh-grade son at the school cafeteria. He believes—as an intensive liquor-advertising campaign wants him to believe—that two cocktails before dinner is moderation and that moderation is synonymous with temperance.

The Greeks defined temperance as moderation in all things wholesome, and abstinence in all things harmful. This is much the Methodist position. Alcohol must prove it is harmless if it is to be classified as temperate.

No one becomes an alcoholic before the first drink. "Alcoholism is 5.5 times more prevalent than cancer," according to the U.S. Public Health Service. "It is 3.2 times more prevalent than tuberculosis; 102 times more prevalent than polio." Certainly no sane social drinker would deliberately transplant cancer cells or inject live polio virus in his own body.

THE METHODIST Church wants to upgrade society, not downgrade it. We believe in the divinity and nobility of man, not his debasement. The Bible puts more emphasis on the evils of alcohol than any single sin—162 verses soundly condemn alcoholic beverages.

Further than this, our church's opposition to alcohol is based on carefully considered evidence that has accumulated through the ages. Toynbee, the historian, notes that 16 of the world's 19 great civilizations have collapsed from within. Major reasons: laziness, alcohol, and immorality. Alcohol and immorality often go hand in hand.

Methodists who abstain from alcohol are not bluenose fanatics or killjoys. We believe that it is smarter and more nearly Christian *not* to drink. The church does not make abstinence a condition of membership, however. It does strongly recommend that all members voluntarily abstain and seeks to commit each individual and family to the alcohol-free life. Abstinence is a part of the larger program to encourage Methodists to make right choices in all areas of living.

As a physician who works with alcoholics, I have seen the eventual tragedy that befalls many social drinkers. I have talked to others who can say in all honesty: "I have never been involved in an auto accident, in a crime, our home life is excellent. Also, I'm not an alcoholic, never intend to be!"

This brings us to the most important reason why the church opposes the use of alcoholic beverages in any form. Is the social drinker who never lets alcohol "get out of control" guiltless on the serious moral issue involved? Does not the beverage he drinks support an industry whose product causes 40 per cent of our highway accidents, 65 per cent of our crime, thousands of broken homes, 7 million American men and women who fumble helplessly in the throes of compulsive drinking and alcoholism? What about the young person who looks up to him and thinks he's tops, and wants to pattern his or her life after that person's?

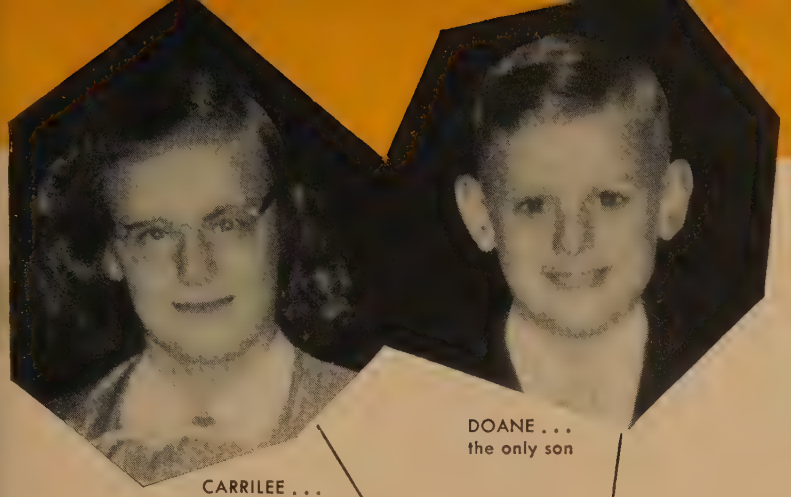
IT IS ENCOURAGING to find more and more Methodists committing themselves to sobriety as one witness to what they believe. It is encouraging to find that more and more young people of all churches have decided abstinence is the smart thing to do. It is estimated that 4 million fewer Americans are drinking today than 10 years ago, despite the increase in population.

People who are rejecting alcohol in increasing numbers are finding both intellectual and spiritual reasons for abstinence. They are becoming aware, scientifically, of what alcohol does to the body and the effects it has on the higher brain centers. They are becoming aware, morally, of what their example can do for others.

Our church, from its very nature, stands against drinking. For it to relax this stand, or be silent in its opposition, would be disloyal to its function. In effect, the church would open the floodgates to an angry sea of human misery, violence, and sin.

People, I realize, drink for many reasons. They drink to celebrate. They drink to banish anxiety, dread, and frustration. They drink because they feel good—or bad. They drink to lend ceremony. They drink because they think it promotes good fellowship.

The Methodist Church is convinced that—whatever one's motivation or rationalization for drinking—religion and medicine have a better answer than alcohol for every human need.



CARRILEE . . .
the first child

DOANE . . .
the only son

LAURIE . . .
looks like Daddy

RACHEL . . .
'specially sweet

Each One Is 'Special'

By Marjorie N. Pressey

DEBBIE . . .
makes others laugh

JAYE . . .
baby of the family

WHENEVER strangers call and meet our six children, we have learned to expect comments such as these:

"Your children are lovely—and all are blondes except Laurie."

"They all look alike but this one—she is different."

"Peas in a pod, except for this one."

It is always Laurie who is singled out as being different.

At first the only difference our visitors noticed was Laurie's brown hair. Then, when she was about five, a more disturbing difference was apparent. Instead of being friendly and sociable, instead of being attentive and polite as the other children, Laurie became shy. Whenever we met new people, she would hide behind us, chew on her finger, or wander off by herself. She seemed to dislike meeting others, to resent their presence.

Laurie, our third child, was 18 months old when my husband, John, accepted his first call. We went to a small country church at Sherman Station in northern Maine, where winters were rugged and conveniences few. Our parsonage had no running water. John chopped down trees, sawed them into lengths, hauled them home, and split them for our wood stove.

One of Laurie's sisters, Rachel, was born during a January blizzard. When we brought her home from the hospital, we put her bassinet behind the stove to keep her warm during that week of 35-below-zero weather.

By this time, many well-meaning persons had begun pointing Laurie out as being the different one. Before we left Sherman Station, Laurie had changed from a sweet, affectionate baby to a timid little girl who would soon be entering school.

My husband and I were disturbed by this change.

"I just can't understand why she is so different!" John said.

Then the word "different" hit me.

"Do you suppose that's what's bothering her?" I asked. "Every time people see the children in a group, they mention this difference. They don't

Don't tell your children they're different—you may start real personality troubles.

The John H. Presseys, Centenary Church, Skowhegan, Me.

Together in the Home

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?

Above Us the Waves (Republic) ***Adult*** (+)

A starkly realistic account of the sinking of the German warship *Von Tirpitz* in a Norwegian fiord in World War II. The exciting drama is filled with great courage and tremendous sacrifice.

Barretts of Wimpole Street (MGM) ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+)

The tyranny of Elizabeth Barrett's dictatorial, domineering, hypocritical father has been portrayed many times on stage, screen, and television. This rendition of the famous play is one of the best. John Gielgud is brilliant as the father. Jennifer Jones has the role of Elizabeth, and Bill Travers is the exuberant Robert Browning.

Top Secret Affair (Warners) ***Adult*** (—)

The writings of J. P. Marquand form the basis for this film. Susan Hayward is the owner of a large magazine. She has tried to get a government job for a friend and, failing this, has decided to discredit Gen. Melville "Ironpants" Goodwin (Kirk Douglas), since the honor had gone to him instead. However, both Susan and Kirk are unmarried, so the decision to vilify the general is sublimated in romance.

Edge of the City (MGM) ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+)

John Cassavettes is a drifter, trying to run from his past. He longs to return home, but his father doesn't understand him. The army is looking for him as a deserter. Even the law may be searching for him since that day his brother was killed. He gets a job as a freight handler in a New York railroad terminal and meets Sidney Poitier, who has a more mature attitude toward life. The film does not deal with the race problem as such, but since Sidney is a Negro and since he and John associate together as equals, the film is a strong argument for mutual understanding and good will between the races—an exciting, dramatic film strongly recommended to thoughtful viewers.

The Girl Can't Help It (20th Century-Fox) ***Adults*** (—)

A racketeer (Edmund O'Brian) hires Tom Ewell, an old friend but now a down-at-the-heels theatrical agent, to make an unknown actress (Jayne Mansfield) a singing star. This sets the stage for the expected alcoholism and the double-meaning comments which best emphasize the statuesque blonde's hourglass proportions.

Three Brave Men (20th Century-Fox) ***Family*** (+)

The true story used as the basis for this film is enough to give concern to those standing for liberal principles in government. Ernest Borgnine is dismissed from his civilian job in the navy when investigators report he has associated with Communists. The reports are found later to be either untrue or subject to an innocent interpretation, but the security officers give more credence to gossip than to the integrity of the man. How do you fight a rumor which is never even reported to you? How do you clear your name when neighbors accept false accusations as though they were already proved? And, on the other hand, how does the government protect itself against spies if it is forced to reveal the sources of its information? These are the questions faced—and partly answered—in this powerful film.

Wings of Eagles (MGM) ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+)

John Wayne plays Cmdr. Frank W. "Spig" Wead, much-decorated navy flier who pioneered in the development of aircraft carriers. When an accidental fall paralyzes him, Wead fights back to regain partial use of his legs. The story is told with wit and dramatic impact, but represents the leading characters as using liquor to maintain their morale.

mean any harm, but Laurie may think she is different in an unattractive way."

"Of course Laurie isn't unattractive," John said. "She's a lovely child." Then he nodded in agreement.

"That must be the root of the problem. We must show her that she is different in a special way. And yet we mustn't give the other children the impression that only Laurie is the special one."

The next day, John gathered the children around him. "Do you know we love you all very much, that each one of you is a 'special' to us?"

They didn't understand.

"Well, Carrilee, you are a special because you were our first baby. Doane, you are a special because you are our only son.

"And, Laurie, you are a special because you look different than all the others. You look just like your grandma and your hair is a special brown just like your daddy's.

"Rachel, you are a special because you are our baby."

The children were delighted with their daddy's game, but there was an extra-big smile on Laurie's lips and a glow in her eyes.

We have added two more blondes to the family since that important day nearly five years ago. Now Rachel is special for a different reason—because she is so sweet. Debbie is special because she is our laugh-provoking little comedienne. Jaye is special because she is our baby.

Our children are growing fast, as all children do. They are all attractive, healthy, average children. They all attend church and church school regularly here in the attractive little town of Skowhegan, Me., where John is pastor of the Methodist church.

Laurie is 10 now, still the different one in appearance. Telling her she was so very special to us has changed her personality from a shy, unhappy child to a thorough extrovert. Now she loves to lead the neighborhood children in games and plays. After rehearsing the plays for days on end, she asks the mothers to see their children perform.

And—wonder of wonders—she wants to be a baton twirler and lead parades when she gets into high school!

But friends and strangers still make the same comments when they first meet our children:

"They all look alike and all are blondes—except that one."

Then John or I quickly say:

"Yes, Laurie is her daddy's special because her hair is just like his."

And Laurie grins when we say that. Her eyes sparkle. She's a happy little girl who enjoys meeting people.

Spring Sings of Faith

With ascending sun and warming rains, the slumbering seed throws aside its winter shroud. Across all the land the colorful pageantry of another spring moves on wings of song.

The earth is alive with beauty and goodness. Here once again is the God-given evidence of life's triumph over death, faith's eternal reassurance of resurrection and immortality.

They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory — bring flowers, bright flowers!
—*Felicia Dorothea Hemans*

The Amen of Nature is always a flower!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

I know not which I love the most,
Nor which the comeliest shows,
The timid, bashful violet
Or the royal-hearted rose:
The pansy in her purple dress,
The pink with cheek of red,
Or . . . fair heliotrope, who hangs,
Like a bashful maid her head.

—*Phoebe Cary*

The harebells nod as she passes by
The violet lifts its tender eye,
The ferns bend her steps to greet,
And the mosses creep to her dancing feet.

—*Julia C. R. Door*

[Grass] is the handkerchief of the Lord.

—*Walt Whitman*

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea,
With a beauty in His bosom that transfigures
you and me . . .
—*Julia Ward Howe*

Water problem? Rutty streets? Poor city financing?
Then look for action from the vigilant League of Women Voters.

These Women Get Things Done!

By MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

ALL OVER AMERICA today some 125,000 citizens make up the largest and most effective force of civic watchdogs this country has ever had.

Most of them are housewives and mothers without much spare time, but they manage to find time to keep a sharp, discerning eye exclusively on government. They are the only nationally organized non-partisan group to do so in every state. And because they carefully avoid taking bows, few know of the remarkable achievements of the 1,000 local groups of the League of Women Voters.

These civic-minded women sparked and led the fight to obtain modern sewage-treatment plants for St. Louis, pure drinking water for Salt Lake City, and major slum clearance for Wilmington, Del. They won a primary-election system for Connecticut, cleared the way for obtaining voting machines for Mississippi, and permanent personal registration for millions of voters in New York State. And they have effectively exposed corrupt city budgets in Illinois. They have obtained a fairer deal for the harassed taxpayer by fighting for equitable tax-assessing systems. And in some cities they have saved taxpayers large amounts by voluntarily undertaking badly needed jobs the city could not afford, such as conducting a school census in Greencastle, Ind., and carrying out a long-overdue weeding out of outmoded local ordinances in Muskogee, Okla., and Verona, N.J.

In Georgia since 1954, league women have compiled a record of how each of the legislators voted on key issues. In this way the league graphically illustrates for the voters exactly where every state representative and senator stands.

The league's first national president, Mrs. Maud Wood Park, helped set this policy. "The league keeps records of the way in which every legislator keeps his promises," she explained. "They are our simple housekeeper's way of finding out whether their merchandise wears well enough to buy more of it."

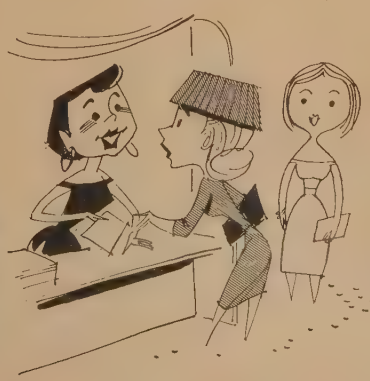
The league was founded in 1920 at the Victory Convention of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association, which had just concluded its 50-year fight to get the vote for women. Carrie Chapman Catt, their indomitable leader, suggested that the fight should be finished "by teaching women to wield ballots wisely."

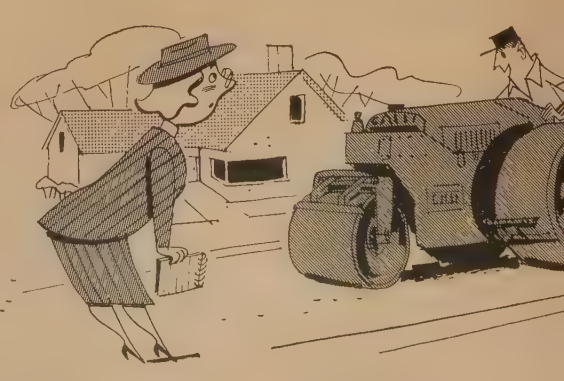
Politicians greeted the new group with a little scorn and much indifference. But the women quickly built up a remarkable volunteer organization along local, state, and national lines. They led and won fights for stronger pure food and drug laws, the abolition of child labor in many states, taking civil-service jobs out of politics, and the modernization of antiquated state constitutions. Their continuous support of the U.S. Children's Bureau helped it to become one of the greatest social agencies any government ever created.

At the league's biennial convention in 1944 the delegates elected Anna Lord Strauss, an attractive brown-eyed, gray-haired Quaker, as their president. Miss Strauss, an expert skipper of racing boats and a veteran worker for international understanding, invigorated the league's work in the postwar period and helped make it one of the strongest advocates of the United Nations and of reciprocal-trade agreements by the United States.

Today from its modest national headquarters in Washington the league operates on a remarkably small budget of $190,000, which goes mainly for printing of study materials and some paid workers. The national officers serve without pay. Just about the only source of income the league's national and state headquarters have is the $3 dues of each member.

At their conventions the women delegates who represent local leagues in the 48 states, Alaska, Hawaii, and the District of Columbia, vote on a national program of issues which their local leagues will study and act upon. In the 1956-58 period, for example, the national agenda calls for an evaluation of federal loyalty-security programs and the conserva-





Are not (women) free agents, as well as men? Are they not members of the state? . . .

tion of our water resources. When the women finish their two-year survey they will undoubtedly be among the best informed American citizens in those two fields.

"First these women educate themselves on an issue," an admiring male legislator remarked recently. "Then they educate the voters. Then they end up educating the legislators."

The ability to keep the respect and good will of officials has been one of the league's enduring and endearing qualities. Its members quickly realized that knowing *all* the facts was one of the best ways not to look foolish. They also learned that all the facts are not in textbooks; that it was a good idea to see and ask and think for themselves.

Even today one of the first tasks of a new league group is to gather the necessary information for a detailed *Know Your Town Government* booklet. In hundreds of communities today these are the best single compendiums of all pertinent civic, judicial, tax, police, fire, and school information.

Just in the gathering of the information for these booklets the women become remarkably well informed about the functioning of their local governments, sometimes to the embarrassment of the town fathers. We had an example of this recently in my own town, Great Neck, N.Y. In order to compile a comparative-tax chart for the area, Mrs. Louis Reibstein, a comely young mother of three who happens to have a degree in public administration, began going through more than 1,000 tax sheets for the villages that make up the Great Neck peninsula. She made a surprising discovery: 155 homeowners were paying twice as much as they should on their fire and water taxes. And some had been paying this double tax for 20 years! In all, she estimated, more than $12,000 had been overpaid.

When Mrs. Reibstein took her information to the county Board of Assessors, the chairman of the board checked and rechecked her figures, paled slightly, and agreed that she was right.

Instead of announcing the discovery to the local newspapers and getting plaudits for the fledgling leaguers, they decided to inform the affected homeowners individually.

"We didn't want to antagonize any of the village officials," Mrs. Ellen Hirschland, chairman of the Great Neck league, told me. "After all, it was just a clerical error which had been made 20 years ago. We expect to be in Great Neck a long time and we will want the co-operation of our village officials on many projects."

A few years ago in an Illinois township the local league made an item-by-item study of its municipal government and discovered that a $300 increase in the health officer's salary had been voted by the town electors. The league knew that there was no health officer. When they persisted in their determined inquiries, the town electors rescinded the $300 "increase," apparently scheduled to line a politician's pocket.

Good housekeeping practices also mean clean water and Grade A milk, two liquids that are still missing in a surprising number of American communities.

In Salt Lake City in 1951 the newly organized group made a study of the city's most pressing problems and agreed that the need for a water-purification program was high on the list. The U.S. Public Health Service had already declared the city's water was "substandard." Enlisting the support of the Utah State Medical Association and the Utah Engineering Council, the women decided to take the matter to the public.

Medical, engineering, and financial experts were interviewed on the league's weekly radio program. Newspaper stories appeared regularly on the findings of the experts.

The opposition, fearing that it would bear the brunt of the increased taxation, closed ranks and the battle was joined. The league sent speakers to address local organizations all over the city. Others attended every meeting of the city commissioners. Some worked with a citizens' committee that drew up a state anti-pollution bill. "In short," as a league member told me, "wherever and whenever dirty water was mentioned the league was sure to be on hand."

The state legislature passed the anti-pollution bill and an act that permitted Salt Lake City to levy a small additional property tax to pay for the water-purification plant. Since then two large water-purification plants have been completed, and two reservoirs have been covered.

In Chester, Vt., a small town of 2,000, the local health officer found that the drinking water was polluted but every recommendation for chlorination was defeated in a village vote. Then the local League of Women Voters got into the picture and made sure that water samples were sent to the state Board of Health twice

Be useful in your generation. Seize opportunities of speaking a word to your neighbors

—JOHN WESLEY, *Founder of Methodism*

a month as required. Half the samples were found to be unsafe for drinking. The women wrote to other towns that had chlorination and got letters attesting that the water didn't taste or look any different as a result. They staged a contest offering a prize for the person who could tell by taste the difference between chlorinated and unchlorinated water. There were no winners. Chester finally voted for chlorination.

In 1951 many of the local leagues in the St. Louis area decided that existing sewage-disposal methods were causing a bad case of municipal halitosis. With other civic groups they organized bus trips to see raw sewage pouring into open streams—streams in which children played and waded. The league women and other citizens called for a sewer-district charter. To win support for the move, the women spoke before more than 100 organizations and made more than 30,000 persuasive phone calls. The campaign was a success and St. Louis today is well on the way to smelling nicely—as a modern city should.

In Wilmington, Del., the local league women also smelled something wrong with their city. The bad smell came from 6,000 slum dwellings in a district which, investigators learned, accounted for the deaths of nearly two thirds of all children under six in the city, and for nearly three fourths of the city's juvenile delinquency.

Teams of league women went out into the slums and found 100 building violations in a short time. The Wilmington City Council took heed and added two more building inspectors. The state legislature voted to enable the city to raise the money for a master housing-authority plan, and Washington agreed to finance part of the city's program for slum clearance and redevelopment.

One of the hardest assignments local leagues take on themselves is to find more money for local government. In one hard-pressed suburban community, Oak Lawn, Ill., sleuthing league women found more than $1 million. Found it by putting on their low-heeled shoes and covering the town, foot by foot.

In 15 years Oak Lawn had grown from 3,500 people to 15,000. New schools were needed, but tax assessments were at least two years behind. And the community's power to issue bonds depended mainly on its assessed valuation. The local league women, in co-operation with the overworked local assessor, literally covered every house and lot in Oak Lawn.

Every piece of property was checked for size and type of construction and for any recently added improvements such as porches or patios. Then the league women compared properties against their listed valuations. With the help of the assessor they were able to add nearly $1.2 millions in additional assessed valuation to the city tax rolls—at a total cost of 7,000 league women-hours.

Recently I asked Mrs. John Lee, present national president of the league, how local leagues manage to be so effective as local civic watchdogs. Mrs. Lee smiled.

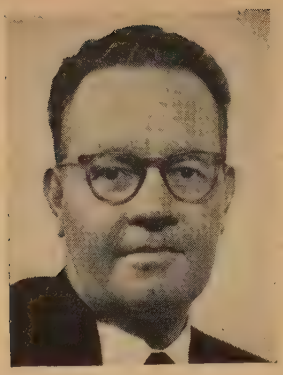
"We prod and probe and keep our eye on the main objective, which is not publicity for the league, but results," she said. "Most legislative bodies are composed almost exclusively of men and consequently it is necessary to persuade great numbers of men to change their points of view before the desired legislative end is accomplished. Quite often in the process of being wooed and won, the men have convinced themselves that the legislation was their idea in the first place. And when the dust of battle has cleared away, and reporters and photographers are called in to memorialize the occasion, the women are left out of the picture. And that's all right. As long as the objective is gained it doesn't matter who gets the credit."

Most league women have a delicate man-handling problem right at home. At the 1956 convention of the league in Chicago the delegates in attendance were asked to fill out a questionnaire.

One of the questions concerned the reactions of their husbands to their league work. Some wrote: "He is resigned but patient," or "amused but suffering." But a more typical reply was this one from an Illinois woman:

"He's tolerant on the face of it but I really think he's quite proud of the work I've done."

He is not the only one. All Americans can take pride in the amazing way in which these housewives and mothers have been able to make government more effective, more responsible, and more democratic in their communities.



"Dick" Richmond Barbour, Ph.D.

Teens Together

with an ex-teen-ager

Q *My folks want me to be a popular girl. I'm 15, used to go steady, but my father insisted I go out with different boys. I obeyed. Now kids say I'll go out with anyone. My friends tell me I should go steady again if I want to improve my standing. What should I do?—S.A.*

A Attitudes change. When your folks were teen-agers they believed there was something wrong with a girl of 15 who went steady. In some neighborhoods now it is the other way around. Explain to your folks how things stand. Have them talk with your favorite teacher. Don't disobey them; give them a chance to understand you; see that standards have been reversed.

Q *I ran away seven weeks ago because my dad used a horsewhip on me once too often. I am almost 18 and a Christian. Dad sneers at God. I live at the Y now, have a job, but miss my mother. I am thinking of going back home. But I have an older brother who ran away, too. When he came back my dad had him arrested. I don't want that to happen to me. Do you think I should go home?—L.F.*

A Get in touch with your mother and listen to her advice. Probably you should not return, but you should reassure her as to your safety.

Q *I have become friendly with another girl in my seventh grade. My problem is that she is so much better than I am. I fight with my mother; she hardly ever fights. My folks are poor; hers are rich. She is a better Christian than I am. Should I keep on seeing her?—A.Y.*

A Almost all your friends feel inferior, too. They see their own shortcomings, not their pals'. Your friend probably finds good qualities in you which she thinks she doesn't have. What really matters is your desire to be the right sort of person. Be friendly, generous, helpful, happy. Continue to make Christian goals your goals. Keep right on being friends with the girl.

Q *At 14, I've secretly been going steady with a nice boy. He is almost 17. My folks say he is too old. My conscience hurts because I don't usually deceive my parents. Doesn't a girl my age have the right to go steady with a boy his age?—L.M.*

A What you are doing is not unusual; many teen-agers deceive their parents. However, your deceit is wrong. Christians have a moral obligation to be honest. Aside from the ethics, deceit is unwise. When hoodwinked parents learn the facts they crack down and are suspicious.

Tell your parents about your friend. It is normal for a girl to go with a boy a year or two older. The larger difference in your case is a bit unusual, but if he is a good boy it shouldn't be important. Get your parents to check on him. If they find he is reliable, they probably will relent.

Q *I'm a boy of 16. I was in an auto accident. It was not my fault. I was driving fast, but all kids go fast. Suddenly a lady cut out of the right-hand lane squarely in front of me. I had a choice: cause a head-on collision or hit the other car. I hit it. The cops gave me a ticket. My family may be sued. Dad says I can't drive again until I'm 21. How can I convince the judge I'm innocent?—N.M.*

A Your speeding caused the accident. In driving, you must be ready for unexpected things—the sudden turn of the car ahead, for example. Fast driving by teen-agers is causing serious trouble. There's a nation-wide movement to raise the age for drivers' licenses. I'm afraid a judge won't agree with you.

Q *I am a lad of 15. I'm a cat. I dig that Presley man. He's most. My girl friend thinks so, too. But her dad says Elvis is a bad lad and we should be ashamed. We trust you, Doc. Do you dig Elvis, too?—B.D.*

A I don't dig Elvis Presley. I avoid his recordings and pictures. But I know teen-agers always will have their musical heroes—I once had mine, too! However, I have watched several of these heroes run their course. My conclusion is that they do not have much real influence. Presley isn't important enough to justify the controversy over him.

Q *I'm a preacher's kid. My family is not rich. I have been offered an athletic scholarship by a university, but am not sure it would be right to accept. What would you do?—J.A.*

A When you receive an athletic scholarship you agree to take part in athletics. You would want to do that

whether you had a scholarship or not. If you accept and participate, there'll be no deceit. Half the scholarships given this year will be athletic. I'd accept.

Q *I'm a boy 16 and big for my age. I try to be good but it isn't easy. I have had dates with a girl of 17. She makes out more than any girl I ever dated. She says I'm chicken.—C.P.*

A One of the bad trends among teen-agers is the increase in making out, or necking, petting, smooching. Thousands of Christian teen-agers are asking the same question. My answer is that those who make out play with fire. You can find other pretty girls to date—girls who will admire your idealism instead of calling you names. You'll enjoy their companionship and not feel guilty afterward.

Q *My problem is my mother. She loses her temper, says wild things, hits me. I am 16; she is 42. She goes out secretly with an older man. She has warned me that if I tell about her dates she will make me move away. My father and I go to church together. We love God. I am afraid my mother does not. I used to adore her, but now I am ashamed of her. She refuses to see a psychiatrist. Is there anything we can do?—C.H.*

A Let me congratulate you. You are more mature than your mother. There are many ways to assist a mixed-up person like her. Religious conversion could change her overnight. Can you get her to go to church with you? To pray? To talk with your minister?

Are there ways to improve her home life? Does your father show his love for her, help her feel important? You and your father should not show your disappointment in her behavior. Try not to criticize her. Instead, look for things to praise. Build her up in every constructive way.

TEEN-AGERS: *Having problems? Dr. Barbour is ready to help you with them. He is head of the San Diego public-school system's counseling department and has had long experience meeting the kind of problems that bother you. Write to Dr. Richmond Barbour, c/o* TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*—EDS.

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

God is Impartial

By ROY L. SMITH

WARNER and Swasey Co., one of the nation's great industrial concerns, published an advertisement recently which deserves the widest possible publicity.

At the top of the page appeared this line: *"In nature there are neither rewards nor punishments; only consequences."*

Theologians of another generation taught our fathers to believe that God was a whimsical deity which could be bribed by good deeds or infuriated by evil deeds. They were right in preaching that there is a Judgment Day, but they were wrong when they left the impression that God is moved by caprice.

Scientists have proved we live in an orderly world of cause and effect. We know, for example, that every movement in a chemist's laboratory produces an invariable result. The moral and spiritual worlds are also organized according to precise law.

The fact is that any law of God (or nature) is absolutely impartial. The law of gravity, for example, plays no favorites. Saint or sinner, liberal or conservative, rich or poor, white or colored—for all men and under all circumstances the law of gravity works in the same fashion.

Scientists have demonstrated that laws which govern in any field of science are absolute. The laws of economics, for example, ignore all social distinctions; the laws of chemistry know no politics. No man's personal prestige changes in any way the basic principles of psychology; no man's political position alters in the least the laws of mathematics.

This simple principle is of utmost importance in the field of morals. If a bishop stoops to deceit or hatred, he suffers the same consequence as any layman guilty of the same offense against the moral law.

Every defiance of the moral law exacts tribute from the offender; no lawbreaker escapes the moral and spiritual consequences of his lawbreaking. The powerful may conceal their wounds, the proud may deny their injuries, but none escapes the consequences.

Every moral decision we make is followed by inevitable consequences. Paul put the matter rather bluntly: "Whatever a man sows, that he will also reap." (Galatians 6:7.)

The verdict of the centuries is against lying, for instance. Truth has the endorsement of God. Even a white lie is an invitation to the consequence of lying. A lie in even a good cause will have the effect of defeating the cause by just that much.

Every attitude we assume implies certain inevitable results. From them there is no escape. Those who live by pretense must be prepared to face the inevitable consequences.

There are those who have been clever enough to evade the laws of the state; no man has ever been clever enough to outwit the Almighty.

The spiritual laws of life are as exact and inescapable as the laws of chemistry. No chemist can defy the known laws which govern that science. Neither can the cleverest of us hope to defy the moral order of the universe without suffering the consequences of such defiance.

The Psalmist was entirely scientific when he said, "the way of the wicked will perish." (Psalms 1:6.) It is a simple statement of the law of consequence and it applies to individuals, nations, and civilizations. It is as valid today as it was the day it was first written.

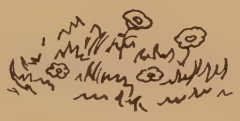
Mother

HOW MANY NEW EASTER RABBITS?

Draw answers as you go along

By SHIRLEY SLOAN FADER

Father

Once upon a time in the middle of a lived a and a They had babies who were going to grow up to be Easter Rabbits too. One day when they were all playing in the  , they found new babies crying because they had no home. "Come live with us," said "Yes," said "Then we will have _____ babies at our house." The next day noticed more new babies playing with her children. "May we stay with you and grow up to be Easter Bunnies?" they asked. "Oh yes," said "That will be fine. Now we can have _____ babies at our house."

But then one day things started to happen. A farmer's caught babies and took them to his to keep for pets. Then there were only _____ babies in the home in the

Soon afterwards a wonderful circus came through the The

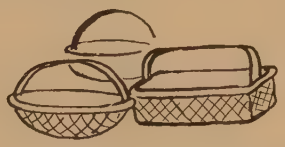
asked of the babies to come to live at the

"I will show you how to jump out of a and how to disappear," he promised them.

"We would like that," said the babies. After they had gone away with the

, there were _____ babies left in the home in the

"Now," said , "the babies are almost grown up and it is almost Easter time. We

must color some and get some  Then we will show our

babies how to be Easter Rabbits." When all the work was finished, each baby listened and learned

just what an Easter Rabbit must do. Then each took a and some

and hopped away to become a real .

Did you find out how many baby Easter Rabbits there were?

Draw your answer here_____.

(*Answer on page 74*)

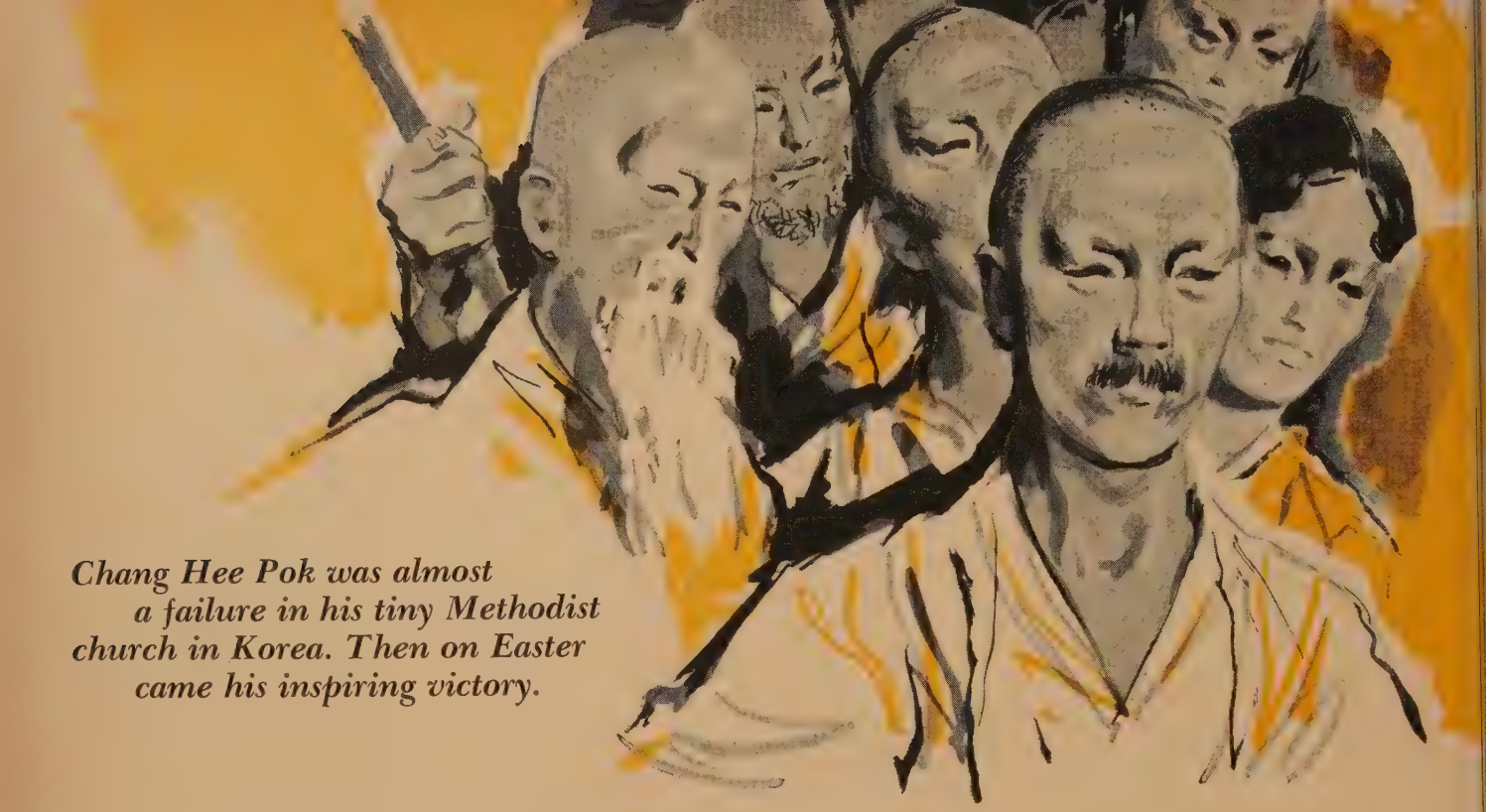
MOTHER'S DAY

Mother's Day is coming soon,
I'm glad to know it's near.
We always have a happy time
When Mother's Day is here.

As we sit down to dinner
And bow our heads to pray,
I'll thank God for my Mother
And this is what I'll say:

"We thank you for the blessings
You send us from above;
For food and home, and most of all
For our dear Mother's love.

"Help me, kind Heavenly Father
At school, at work and play
To be so good that she'll believe
Every day is Mother's Day."



Chang Hee Pok was almost a failure in his tiny Methodist church in Korea. Then on Easter came his inspiring victory.

And Love Let Him In

By Chaplain PAUL K. McAFEE, Fort Rucker, Alabama

CHANG HEE POK stepped from his church and gazed out over the browning fields of ripening rice. It was Sunday and the church bell had been ringing for 15 minutes. Now it was still and a tiny handful of worshipers was gathered into the building. Such a tiny group! He knew that there were many more in the village who had attended in the past.

But no more were coming now. He turned, walked inside to the pulpit, and nodded wearily to the organist to begin the first hymn.

A young man of 24, Chang was the new minister to the tiny Methodist church in Heunde, Korea. He had been fortunate enough to get an education scholarship to America and had returned to his homeland to preach and teach. But somehow a block had been set up between him and his parishioners.

Some trustees were certain that he was affecting an attitude of superiority. He was a seminary man and therefore was to be suspected. He had "gone American" and his preaching reflected it, these men claimed. Try as he might he could not break through to them. The old ones had spread the story of his being high and mighty and working for himself, not for the Lord; their whispering campaign had been effective. Even his young people were beginning to shun him.

Now he stood before the tiny congregation and preached, not forcefully but with great sincerity. They listened, for the most part, with little expression on their faces and at the end he felt he had once again failed to reach them.

Throughout the long fall months Chang wrestled with his problem; how to win his people. Everything he did seemed doomed to failure. The young people were influenced by the old, and the old were suspicious of anyone from an American university—a dilemma from which there appeared no escape.

One afternoon Chang left his parish and walked far back through the mountains. There, nestled close to the far wall of the valley, was a Buddhist temple. The Buddhist priest, a man wrinkled with age, was a lifelong friend of Chang's family. Despite the difference of religions, the priest and the father of the young minister used to visit regularly and Chang could remember vividly the long discussions they enjoyed through the quiet, pleasant evenings as the darkness deepened.

The old man saw him from far off and came to meet him, hands outstretched and a smile in his deep, wise eyes. Hours later, after their talk had ranged over many things, the priest turned to Chang and told him, "There is something more, my son, to your visit than just to bring pleasure to an old man. What is it that brings frowns to your forehead?"

Chang hesitated, then poured out the story of the difficulties in his parish. The old one listened sagely, nodding now and then.

"... So I came to tell you my problem, old friend, and to see if out of your wisdom you might have some suggestions to an imprudent young Christian minister." The young man's shoulders drooped. Unhappi-

He paused to shake his finger in their faces . . . "I am not Christian. But this man came to my home and stayed at my side until I was well. He bathed my body. He loved my childen. He buried my dead. He is our strongest man.

ness lay heavily upon his features.

The old man leaned back and sighed. His sunken eyes peered at the young man with interest. "My son," he said, "wisdom comes with years and experience, freely mingled with patience and love of people. It is enhanced by knowledge, but knowledge itself does not insure wisdom or patience. Your people know you have knowledge. They are fearful of it, perhaps. They are waiting to see if you have the wisdom and patience that it takes to be a leader.

"While we are of different religions, my young friend, we are of the same blood; the people you serve are brothers and cousins to those to whom I minister. Go back to your village and learn to love them. Love them so much that it shines out of you so they may see. Speak your words simply and firmly, but learn to be silent when silence is indicated. Then, when the winter winds have ceased to blow and the mountains put forth their blossoms again, see if a change has not been wrought."

They parted in the purple dusk, one old and wise, the other young and impatient—but both filled with the love of service.

OUT OF NOWHERE, disease fell upon Chang's village. First, children took ill and died. Then the old ones began to fall. Soon there was mourning in most of the homes.

As the sickness spread, the young minister bestirred himself and began to go from home to home, praying, helping, lifting, feeding, burying. Finally, the sickness visited the home of the village headman.

Chang presented himself at the house and entered. Seeing the sickness of the women and children, the blankness in the eyes of the husband, he knew the hand of death would fall on some. He stayed to help, just as he had been helping in many homes these exhausting weeks.

One after another the children took to their beds, then arose, miraculously made well. The wives of the headman died, but an old mother, ancient and wrinkled, survived and soon was grumping about.

Day after day, Chang ministered to the headman. For 36 hours during the crisis he did not sleep or leave the bedside. He bathed the patient, gave him medicine, fed him. Then gradually the fever died. Slowly the headman began to recover and one morning the minister, sleeping on a mat beside that of the sick man, awoke to see the glazed eyes lighting with a new gleam. The man was on the way to recovery.

And soon after, as mysteriously as it had come, the plague lifted. Chang was able to return to his bachelor home. During the sickness he had appeared at the church only on Sunday mornings to preach and to teach Sunday school, then had hurried back to caring for the sick. Now he was tired. His eyes burned, his head ached, he was dizzy.

Exhaustion, poor food, and the continued pressure of caring for the sick had taken a toll. Chang fell into bed, uncaring, his strength gone, his hopes dying.

A trustee, coming for a business visit, found him lying lifeless and unresponsive. When he summoned help, a little group gathered about the house. A few entered, but the majority stayed outside, fearing a recurrence of the sickness.

They were standing in a hushed knot when the headman, still staggering from weakness, came up. He had heard of the pastor's illness. Pushing the others aside, he entered the room, quickly began ministering to the pastor.

"I will stay with him," he declared brusquely. "See that food and medicine are brought." He fixed a stern eye upon one of the members of the church and continued:

"I am not Christian. But this man came to my home and stayed at my side until I was well. He bathed my body. He loved my children. He buried my dead. He is the strongest man in this village—and he is your pastor. See to it that you treat him as a leader among you, for such he is. Now go and do my bidding, and feel shame that you could not return that which he gave many of you while you lay near death, even gave those like myself who are not Christian." He paused to shake his finger in their faces. "Let me tell you this. When this man is well again, I and my family will be here to follow his leading."

All through the days that the minister lay sick, the headman ministered to him, repaying in kind the kindness that had been given him. That was the way it was as the Easter season came with its sun and rain, and the flowers blossomed on the mountains. As the weather warmed, Chang began to recover. Finally it was announced that he would be able to enter his pulpit for the Easter services.

Darkness still lay over the land on Easter morning when the minister awoke. He was alone, for his strength had returned and the headman was no longer needed by his side. For a long moment he could not remember what woke him. Then the sound came to his ears again and he knew.

Outside his home, voices were singing. They were caroling him with Easter hymns at two o'clock in the morning! This was a custom of the Korean Christians; they gathered as at Christmas time and went from home to home on Easter morning, caroling.

Chang dressed quickly in the dark and opened the door. His yard was packed with people. So great was the crowd that he could not see its end in the darkness. His heart swelled as he listened to the voices!

"Low in the grave he lay, Jesus our Savior!" The song swelled and resounded over the village and the heart of the young minister throbbed with it.

"He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!"

These were his people! He had found them and they were telling him, in their own way, that he was one of them, their leader. He had found his place among them; they accepted him fully as their *Moksanim,* their minister—and their friend.

An interview with **MARTIN NIEMOLLER**
as told to John L. Sherrill

My Bible and Bad Times

Does God's word still speak to today's world? Here, from a man who suffered for his faith, is the answer!

MAN HOLDS in his hands today the ultimate weapons of self-destruction. The fate of millions may hang on the whim of a handful of power-crazed atheists behind the Iron Curtain. It is no wonder, therefore, that some people are beginning to ask whether the Bible can speak to them today. Are its messages applicable in a world seemingly bent on mass suicide?

I know the depths of my own faith. But I wanted an authoritative answer from someone who has put the Bible to the acid test—a man who has suffered for his faith and learned firsthand whether the Bible's messages are words of timeless guidance or outdated myths. What man better meets these qualifications than "Pastor Niemoller"—the Rev. Martin Niemoller—who defied Adolf Hitler and experienced the rigors of a Nazi concentration camp? You remember him from World War II. When I learned he was to visit the U.S. I quickly arranged to talk with him.

His appearance surprised me. I had thought a man bold enough to oppose Hitler, strong enough to survive eight years in Dachau, must be a physical giant. Pastor Niemoller is physically small.

But after a moment I was aware only of Niemoller's vitality. He sprang across the room to greet me. His grip was like steel. He answered my questions crisply, completely. I asked if he could remember difficult times in his own life when the Bible had indeed spoken to him.

Niemoller thought for a moment. "Bad times and the Bible?" He turned toward his wife, who sat at a desk in a corner, writing letters. "Bad times and the Bible. What would you say?"

Mrs. Niemoller did not look up. "Well, *The Article,* I'm sure. And when they took away your Bible. And the confession."

"Yes," said Niemoller. "Those three times for sure. . . ." He seemed to be letting his mind run back over a long, turbulent career.

Niemoller, in one sense, did not choose the ministry so much as the ministry chose him. In World War I he was a U-boat commander and a national hero. But with defeat his career was swept out from under him. Disillusioned, he wanted to escape from public life. He married and apprenticed himself to a Westphalian farmer.

But when it came time to buy his own farm, he discovered that his savings, in war bonds, had been reduced by inflation to wastepaper. Suddenly Niemoller saw that farm life would not have been right for him. It was a running away. One night he wrote in his diary: "I am going into the church."

Niemoller entered divinity school. To support himself and his wife he took a job as a railroad laborer. Several men disliked him because he was studying for the ministry.

As was the daily custom, the laborers went that morning to the tool shed to choose their picks and shovels for the day's work. Niemoller had just chosen an especially good pick when a burly laborer marched up and demanded it.

Quickly, a crowd gathered. Niemoller didn't hesitate. He lay the pick down, looked up at the man towering before him, and said he

could come get the pick if he wanted it. The fight was a hot one. Months of hard farm work came to Niemoller's aid. He won—and promptly stuck out his hand. From that day on, he was friends with all the men.

After graduation Niemoller accepted the pastorate of a church in a Berlin suburb. From 1928 to 1933 he watched with apprehension as Hitler's ideas gained acceptance. In 1933 Hitler passed a law forbidding any Christian church to preach to, or baptize, a Jew. Niemoller saw that the time had come when, once again, he would have to fight.

"Here was a time when the Bible spoke about the problem I was facing," Niemoller recalled. "The Bible was telling me one thing, Hitler was telling me another. I had to choose my loyalty."

Niemoller announced his decision with a clarity that encouraged the whole world. In the only uncensored periodical still published in Germany, he printed *The Article*.

"*The Article* said that we must not obey Hitler," said Niemoller. "As a direct result of the Bible's speaking to me, I was put in prison."

He turned toward his wife. "And the second time? When was it?"

"When they took your Bible away."

"Ah, yes. The only night in my life when I couldn't sleep."

Niemoller was kept in prison eight months while the Nazis prepared the case against him. It was a tribute to his popularity that there had to be a trial at all. And the compelling appeal of the man was felt around the world when the verdict was announced: Not guilty.

Niemoller stood before the judge, stunned. He was free! He started out of the courthouse. A hand took his elbow. "You're under arrest." Niemoller was surrounded by Gestapo agents. He was re-arrested on "personal orders of the *Führer!*"

The pastor was forced into a waiting car, expecting at any moment to be shoved out and shot. In the middle of the night the car stopped—at Dachau, the most hated concentration camp in Germany.

Niemoller's captors took everything from him, including his Bible, and thew him into solitary confinement. He lay down on his hard cot and tried to sleep.

"But no sleep came that night," said Niemoller. "Do you know why? Because I was angry with God—angry because God expected me to be faithful without my Bible. Up until that moment I had always had my Bible within reach. Now suddenly I was without it. I discovered it was not sufficient to have read the Bible. That's like saying it's sufficient to have eaten a meal. You can have eaten every day in your life, but when food is cut off you starve.

"That night, for the only time in my life, I prayed in anger. 'God, let them give me back my Bible.'"

The next morning, Dachau's commandant stepped into Niemoller's cell. He seemed confused. "Herr Niemoller," he said. "You know that you are here as the personal prisoner of the *Führer*. I have not yet received instructions how to deal with you. Meanwhile, is there something special you wish?"

"Yes. My Bible," he answered.

It was against regulations for a prisoner to have a Bible; for a moment the commandant wavered. Then he turned to the guard and ordered: "On my desk you will find this man's Bible. Bring it to him."

Thus it was that, for the eight years he was a prisoner, Niemoller had the unheard-of privilege of his Bible. With it he gave spiritual aid to his fellow prisoners. He still treasures it.

NIEMOLLER pulled on his pipe. "The third time—it was a miracle. When I was released from prison it was as if I were in a strange land. The fields were ravaged. People were hungry. We were at peace in name only."

The pastor felt he should lead his people again, but did not know how. Then one day a friend from Stuttgart wrote, asking him to come for a visit. The Niemollers arrived late by train, took a cab to their friend's house, and rang the bell. A servant answered and blurted out in surprise: "Herr Pastor Niemoller! But you are speaking in the cathedral tonight." He paused. Then, "The pastor did not get the telegram?"

Thus Niemoller learned that he was scheduled to give an address in the biggest church in Stuttgart that evening and that his host was there, waiting for him. His speech was to be broadcast. Millions of people were waiting for his voice.

Niemoller asked the servant to bring him a Bible quickly. He turned to his wife. "What shall I say to these people? They want hope, a way out of their despair. What shall I say?"

The servant brought the Bible. Niemoller opened it at random. His eyes fell on Jeremiah 14:17-21, a passage that spoke to him so directly that Niemoller could hardly believe he was reading a text written thousands of years earlier:

"Therefore thou shalt say this word unto them; Let mine eyes run down with tears night and day, and let them not cease. . . . If I go forth into the field, then behold the slain with the sword! And If I enter into the city, then behold them that are sick with famine! Yea, both the prophet and the priest go about into a land that they know not. . . . We looked for peace and there is no good; and for the time of healing, and behold trouble! *We acknowledge, O Lord, our wickedness, and the iniquity of our fathers; for we have sinned against thee. Do not abhor us, for thy name's sake. . . .*"

That evening, Niemoller made a bold suggestion. Basing his idea on the passage from Jeremiah, he asked that the whole church acknowledge its weakness before God. It was perhaps the first time in Christian history that the church itself had been asked to make a confession.

The confession now is world famous. As a body, the Evangelical Church in Germany officially asked God for forgiveness. The central passage of the confession has almost a Biblical ring to it. *"We acknowledge that we did not confess more courageously, that we did not believe more firmly, that we did not pray more earnestly, and that we did not love more ardently."*

"There can be little doubt," said Niemoller, "that this was a direct instruction from God, because after the confession the whole church came alive again. Today it is moving forward with a new sureness otherwise impossible.

"This," he said, "even more than the time I wrote *The Article* and even more than the time they took my Bible away—*this* is the time I think of when I hear it said that the Bible speaks today."

Barnabas and his

LOOKS at new BOOKS

IT WAS MARK TWAIN, supposedly, who approached his minister after a service and said: "That was a mighty good sermon, preacher, but I have a book at home which contains every word of it."

The preacher, somewhat upset, insisted his sermon was original and challenged the writer to produce the book. Within a few days a package arrived in the mail. It contained an unabridged dictionary!

Dictionaries are books, of course. New dictionaries come out regularly but never get rave reviews. "The plots are good but the stories are too short" is the classic, if corny, comment of one critic. So I'm taking special note this month of the new *Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary* (Doubleday, $2.95).

Nowhere else can anyone find "so much information about words and their use," the dictionary editorializes, "and nowhere else, if he is really interested in the language, can he find so much curious, incidental and even amusing information about words" that we use.

This dictionary, edited by **Clarence L. Barnhart,** is your best book buy of the month—if you don't already have a good dictionary. It has 896 pages, over 80,000 entries, has about every word you'll want unless you are looking for such jawbreakers as "antidisestablishmentarianism."

An Oriental interpretation of Christ before Pilate, painted by Chinese artist Shek-kai-nung whose book is reviewed above.

Gary Webster is the pen name of a Tennessee writer who frequently appears in TOGETHER. A religious man, with a wide-awake sense of wonder, Webster has written in many fields. His latest book, *Wonders of Man* (Sheed & Ward, $2.50), demonstrates his versatility. There are many things about man that cannot be explained and, invariably, these mysteries point to God. Good, readable, informative science, written with knowledge and reverence.

"And what do you think Christ really looked like?" I asked Bobby Barnabas during a family discussion the other day. The eight-year-old was thoughtful for a moment. Then his face lighted up.

"Why, just like Jesus, of course!"

Which is probably as good an answer as any to a question which is ages old and must remain unanswered. Just the same, I was fascinated by the work of a young Chinese artist, **Shek-kai-nung,** featured in *Sketches of Christ from a Chinese Brush.* It is interesting to note that in the paintings Christ is an Occidental—while the figures around him are usually Oriental. (See cut.) This one is published by Augsburg in Minneapolis.

Unless you carry a string of language degrees behind your name and are a stickler for all the rules, you have probably indulged at one time or another in some good old American slang. Do you ever say: "How are you doing?", "Where's the fire?", "Who do you think you are?", "What's the big idea?"

If you read TOGETHER regularly you're probably acquainted with **Roy L. Smith,** Methodism's contribution to the ranks of America's top religious writers. His latest book, *Don't Kid Yourself!,* is Smith at his best—lucid

Abingdon
Shower Parade
BERNICE HOGAN
Twenty-four complete sets of plans for gift parties on all occasions. Complete, easy directions for making invitations, decorations, favors and food, plus suggestions for entertainment and gifts. Good taste, economical, gay. Illustrated. $1.95
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JAMES LEISY
A song book designed for use by groups singing in schools, camps, churches, homes—on any occasion—at any age. The 10 sections include old favorites, stunt, novelty, and serious songs. Music included for less familiar songs. Paper, 50¢
ABINGDON PRESS
order from your bookstore

and penetrating sermonets liberally sprinkled with anecdotes from everyday living.

It has been said that Smith can write a sermon, or preach one for that matter, given any springboard of your own choosing. He proves it by putting his spiritual truths across with 10 of our most common slang expressions.

Words are wonderful things, perhaps man's greatest inventions. Put together as **Bill Geagan** does in his latest book, *Seed on the Wind* (Coward-McCann, $3), words can shape lives.

Writing on the potential within the small boy, Geagan says: "Nothing is bad in the beginning—the flesh, the raindrop, grass blade, tree or bumble bee. They are produced clean, firm and good. And it was intended by God and Nature that they should remain that way, serving well across the years in their respective capacities.

"It is interference or neglect by relative things that brings about twisting, contamination and failure. . . . I shall concentrate my efforts only on the flesh —the human flesh—the boy and his dad.

"A boy is one of the great wonders and one of the most valuable things in our world. He is the future with a freckled face and skinned elbows—the future straining with tremendous energy in a fierce, bewildering tangle of wonder, hero worship, enthusiasm, imagination, appetite, and mild mischief.

"It is the duty of the father to untangle that maze slowly and carefully, then just as slowly and carefully start the boy on a plainly marked trail leading up to the highway of life."

Geagan believes that if a boy is properly guided and encouraged to know something of the splendor, the mystery, and the fun of nature, he will never become a delinquent.

"The boy whose father is too busy with his work, his social activities and his hobbies to spend much time with him will naturally turn to mischief."

A most enjoyable book on the character-building opportunities a boy and his dad can find out-of-doors.

Ever since 1492 when over the deep blue sailed Mr. Chris Dove (you may know him as Christopher Columbus), these two words have had magic to stir men's blood: *The West!*

As lures, spices and gold and land have been replaced by something that psychologists call sublimation of the desire to escape from restraint. Whatever it is, the West still pulls. Hollywood knows that. So do book publishers.

I've just had a bright evening with *The Far Western Frontier, 1830-1860* (Harpers, $5) by a Northwestern University professor of history, **Ray Allen Billington.** It's scholarly, readable, and a neat rundown on the making of the West. The section most interesting to Barnabas (starting on page 79) recalls how Protestant missions began in Oregon. Seems that four Indians from there journeyed to St. Louis to learn about the white man's "Book of Heaven." A letter about them was published in the March 1, 1833, issue of *The Christian Advocate*—of which TOGETHER is this latter-day continuation.

"Seldom has a letter created such a sensation," says Billington. "Overnight the 'plea' of these benighted heathen for the word of God became the concern of every religious person in America." Soon missionaries—and settlers—were on their way to Oregon!

Methodist history also turns up in *This Is the West* (New American Library, 35 cents), soon to come out as a paperback for popular trade. It's edited by **Robert West Howard,** son of a Methodist parson, and authored by a galaxy of Western writers.

Sponsors of the volume are The Westerners, an organization of business and professional men who like to eat together and then gab about the West. Their "corrals" are scattered from Paris and Liverpool, through Washington and New York, across the continent to Los Angeles.

"It was a footbridge made of rickety boards with a handrailing which little children could not quite reach . . . but by an accident of history it became, for a few flaming weeks, one of the most important bridges in the world, for across its unsteady planks fled the soul of a nation. . . ."

That's **James A. Michener** in *The Bridge at Andau* (Random House, $3.50) and that's about all that needs to be said. Seldom does a book by a first-class writer see print so soon after such momentous weeks in history. This is the graphic story of the Hungarian freedom fighters, told by a man who was present at the bridge. Almost certainly a best seller.

It was C. C. Colton who said: "The writer does the most, who gives his reader the most knowledge and takes from him the least time."

I don't know how Colton would feel about Gertrude Stein. Personally, I can't follow Miss Stein's writing. Never could for any length of time. And this hasn't changed since attempting to read **Elizabeth Sprigge's** *Gertrude Stein—Her Life and Work* (Harper, $5).

New Books for Boys and Girls

SELECTED BY MARJORIE BARROWS, editor of *The Children's Hour*

For the Youngest

The Runaways, Berta and Elmer Hader (Macmillan, $2.50). A charming book about little woodland animals.

The Elephant and the Flea, Alain (Whittlesey, $2). Funny for small readers.

George, Phyllis Rowland (Little, Brown, $2.50). George didn't know he was a lost dog. But his family did!

See the Circus, H. A. Rey (Houghton, $1). One of Mr. Rey's books of gay verses and amusing fold-out pictures.

The First Day, Pelagie Doane (Lippincott, $2). What happens on the first day at Sunday school.

I Know a Lot of Things, Ann and Paul Rand (Harcourt, $2.75).

Three Little Animals, Margaret Wise Brown and Garth Williams (Harper, $2.50). An endearing book about three little animals who visit the city.

ABC of Cars and Trucks, Anne Alexander (Doubleday, $2.50). Funny verse and amusing pictures.

Whistle for the Train, Golden Macdonald (Doubleday, $2.50). A little train that even whistles bumblebees out of his way. Wonderful Weisgard pictures!

Lion, William Pene DuBois (Viking, $3). A wonderfully imaginative fable by a favorite author-illustrator.

The Long Hike, Dorothy Ivens (Viking, $2). The children go adventuring.

The Cunning Turtle, *Kurt Wiese* (Viking, $2). Amusing and original.

For the Middle-Aged Child

Tabitha's Hill, Ruth Langland Halberg (Doubleday, $2.75). Cape Ann's 100th birthday of the Declaration of Independence.

Miracles on Maple Hill, Virginia Sorensen (Harcourt, $2.95).

Stars for Christy, Mabel Leigh Hunt (Lippincott, $2.75). The family goes to the country, and Christy discovers the stars.

Mystery of the Auction Trunk, Elizabeth Honness (Lippincott, $2.50). A New Hampshire mystery tale for girls.

Pomeroy's Postscript, Mary Fitt (Nelson, $2.75). A juvenile whodunit.

Stowaway to the Mushroom Planet, Eleanor Cameron (Little, Brown, $2.75). An amusing journey through space.

For Older Boys and Girls

Sabre Pilot, Stephen W. Meader (Harcourt, $2.75). Training for a jet fighter in Korea.

The Islanders, Roland Pertwee (Bobbs-Merrill, $3). Three boys go fishing and hunting and have adventures with poachers.

Arctic Bush Pilot, Bud Helmericks (Little, Brown, $3). Factual adventure tale of the Arctic.

Old Yeller, Fred Gipson (Harper, $2.75). A thieving hound dog turns out to be the best friend 14-year-old Travis and the family ever had. A fine book!

Genius or phony (there are two schools of thought), the late Miss Stein remains an abstruse phenomenon on my literary horizon.

I *can* follow Thomas Wolfe, although he has taken up plenty of my time. Wolfe, a young man when he died, drank life in great gulps and the words he wrote came in a mighty torrent.

The letters Wolfe wrote to his editor, relatives, agent, and other literary figures on the day make a bigger book than any of his novels. *The Letters of Thomas Wolfe*, edited by **Elizabeth Nowell** (Scribners, $10) is evidence that some of his most interesting and revealing letters were never mailed.

"From his youth," writes Miss Nowell, Wolfe's agent, "he had the habit of pouring out on paper all his thoughts, emotion and experiences. . . . This outpouring was a psychological necessity: it was a solace for his loneliness, an apologia for the errors and difficulties of life, and a safety-valve for his intense emotional reactions."

The letters reveal the real Wolfe in a sharper light than his stories, I think. In one to his brother, Fred, he wrote:

"I am neither a criminal nor an angel. I am just an honest man. I have no desire either to be sneered at or reviled by rascals, or fawned upon by fools. If I ever came back to the town

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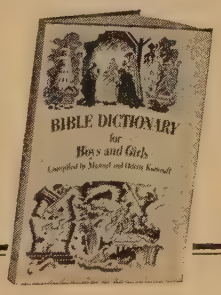

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greater spiritual understanding
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in which, through accident of birth, I first saw the light of day (Asheville, N.C.), I could only hope that I would be met neither by a lynching mob nor by a brass band. If and when I do come back, I want to come back on my own, to be exhibited, shown about and exploited by no one. And if and when I do come back, I shall come back in that way—as my own man, my own master and very quick and strong to resent any intrusion upon my own liberty and my private life."

Most interesting, moving, and nostalgic book seen this month: *The Lord's Oysters* by **Gilbert Byron** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.50). The story of the wonderful life of a boy who lived in the shore region of Delaware and Maryland.

Suppose you went to sleep in 1926 and didn't wake up until today. Then suppose you heard someone say: "On TV I saw a jet's radar in operation."

Chances are you wouldn't have the slightest idea what the man was talking about. Many new words have come into use in American speech and writing; old words have found new meanings.

The new *Dictionary of American-English Usage* by **Margaret Nicholson** (Oxford University Press, $5) brings us up to date, not on new words but on word usages. The book is based on H. W. Fowler's Modern English Usage, first published in 1926. Miss Nicholson has added to and subtracted from Fowler while retaining as much as possible of the original.

Rudolf Flesch praises the original Fowler in one of his books: *How to Make Sense* (Harpers, $3), a 1954 edition. Flesch, who got in Dutch with some educators over his *Why Johnny Can't Read,* says of Fowler's work:

". . . there is one book, and one only, that gives you advice on grammar and usage that is neither of the dusty, musty 18th century type nor of the statistical, 'appropriate - in - informal - usage' variety. . . . Fowler wrote his masterpiece when he was 70 years old. What he says about questions of grammar, usage, vocabulary, and style is always wise, original, based solely on his deep understanding and sincere love for the English language. . . . It is incomparable; there isn't any book on the English language that can be mentioned in the same breath."

To be added to any outstanding books for boys and girls who would become newspaper reporters: **Frank K. Kelly's** *Reporters Around the World* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3). Even veteran newspapermen will enjoy reading again about some of the greatest reporters of all time.

How would a sane man, sentenced to live with the criminally insane, view his fellow inmates? Here's a short sample from **Andre Soubiran's** *Bedlam* (Putnam, $3.95), a shocker from France:

"There they were, the 29 companions with whom I spent 14 hours a day, perpetrators of 23 murders or grievous injuries and innumerable minor offenses. It was a terrifying reckoning, but when I looked at them I would often forget about their crimes and think of them only as creatures doomed by an accident of blood, deprived by nature of intelligence, kindness, moral sense and courage. They were victims of man's peculiar vices, to which even animals are not subject. . . .

"Because Society refused to execute irresponsible criminals, such men must go on living simply in order to suffer, deprived of all human contact and affection!

"But my compassion was somewhat academic. As soon as I was back in their midst, with the smell of decaying humanity in my nostrils, listening to perpetual quarrels and complaints and insults, looking at imbecilic or hate-distorted faces, pity once more turned to horror."

This appears in the guise of fiction, but it is more than fiction. It is a powerful novel, starkly realistic, as near the truth as fiction can ever be. The plot concerns a man who escapes the justice of French courts by pretending to be insane. What he finds in the asylum makes a significant, disturbing book.

More than one man of genius has known the tragic distortion of mind we call insanity. For some, it is the final curtain before death. Others emerge from breakdown to do some of their finest work.

Such a man is **Van Wyck Brooks,** distinguished literary historian. He tells about his own "Season in Hell" in his new book, *Days of the Phoenix* (Dutton, $3.95). For him, the crisis came in the middle of what has been a full and productive life:

". . . I was possessed now with a fantasy of suicide that filled my mind as the full moon fills the sky. It was a fixed idea. I could not expel this fantasy . . . and I saw every knife as something with which to cut one's throat and every high building was something to jump from. A belt was a garrote for me, a rope existed to hang oneself with, the top of a door was merely a bracket

Browsing in Fiction

ANGLO-SAXON ATTITUDES
by Angus Wilson
(Viking, $4.50)

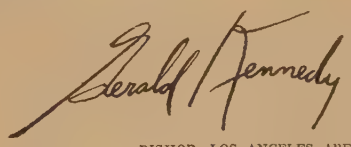
If a man really tried, he could hardly find a worse title for a novel than this. Not many of us know it comes from *Alice in Wonderland* and it falls on the ear with a dull thud. It just goes to show that a book has to have more than an intriguing title to be good, for this is an outstanding novel and has met with a generous reception. The plot is woven around a university professor and the whole atmosphere is on the intellectual side. But don't be frightened: the loves, frustrations, disappointments, and activities of a professor fall into the same framework as those of a plumber. It is surprising to find how few people live in ivory towers and how much every man is the victim of the daily struggle, just like all of us. There is even a thread of mystery in the story as we follow the clews to determine whether an archaeological discovery was a hoax. Any person with knowledge of university faculties will enjoy this. But this is not a necessary prerequisite. If you grow weary of slick magazine fiction, and if the newest volume on how to stop worrying has lost its appeal, try this one. It is pleasant to read a book that does not depend on shock to hold the readers.

PEYTON PLACE
by Grace Metalious
(Julian Messner, Inc., $3.95)

If you must read this book, don't tell them Kennedy sent you. Blame it on anything else, but keep my name out of it. The professor's wife who wrote this one decided that the formula for a successful first novel would be plenty of intimate descriptions of what even the frankest conversation usually leaves out. Yet she has the real gift of the writer and I could wish that somehow someone would make clear to her that she does not have to stoop to these vulgar tactics to establish a reputation as a first-rate novelist. Anyone who has lived in a New England village will have no difficulty in feeling the authentic atmosphere. Tobacco Road does not run only in the South; the scandals which could be dug up in your own block would probably shock you. As a rule, however, we leave such things buried. Someone is going to ask why I mention this book at all. Well, I consider my task to be one of mentioning the worst as well as the best, for this brief survey is a glance at modern life as reflected by modern novelists. If you want only the best, I advise you to follow the Abingdon list exclusively. At any rate, I have warned you.

TOWER IN THE WEST
by Frank Norris
(Harper and Brothers, $3.95)

I was in New York recently and stopped by Harper's, where I cadged a copy of their prize novel. It is the story of an architect. In a sense, the central figure is a tower built in St. Louis. This great building, and what happens to it, stand as a symbol of the times through which we have passed as reflected in the life of the author. I liked it. It carries us through the recent events of our generation, and through the eyes of one man we can see the period's virtues and vices. Most of the tragedy of the hero's life comes from a romantic blindness, and most of its greatness is born of his compassion and sympathy. It has the hard touch of realism without leading us through the sewers. Here is a representative, honest appraisal of American life during my own lifetime. It troubles me that the whole atmosphere assumes that the Church is not present in any vital way, but perhaps that has been the assumption of a large number of our contemporaries.



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for the rope, every rusty musket had its predestined use for me and every tomb in a graveyard was a place to starve in. . . ."

Later the author became obsessed with the idea, while in an English sanitarium, that there was a plot to bury him alive. "For many mornings, waking early from an artificial sleep, I heard them putting together a large box for me, a box that, in my fantasy, had arrived in sections to be hammered together in the house with nails or pegs."

Van Wyck Brooks devotes only a portion of his book to this unfortunate episode in his life. In its entirety, his new book is a delightful combination of personal reminiscence and literary history by a man who has known many literary giants of our time.

A few moments ago I stood at my office window looking down into Chi-

For Easter

give a child a good book...

A Child's Thought of God

By HELLEN DRUMMOND ASHER; color illustrations by Dorothy Grider. Here, through the simple words of a small child as he expresses his thoughts about God, is an appealing interpretation of parts of the meaningful 104th Psalm. Many full-color pictures.
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cago's busy Rush Street, one block removed from fabulous Michigan Avenue. I was looking for the home of the late Nettie Fowler McCormick.

The magnificent old mansion which once stood two blocks away is gone now. But the woman who lived there comes to life in **Stella Virginia Roderick's** *Nettie Fowler McCormick* (Richard R. Smith, $5). Many owed much to this good and wealthy woman, who took a controlling part in the management of the McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., which later became the International Harvester Co.

One of Mrs. McCormick's favorite people was the late Dr. John R. Mott, Methodist layman who became a world figure in international religious movements. Dr. Mott was a young man when he approached Mrs. McCormick in 1897. He told her he needed money to travel in the interest of the World's Student Christian Federation, which was to unite Christian student movements throughout the world.

"I can and will most gladly provide for that," Mrs. McCormick told Dr. Mott. This she did, as the author points out, generously, thoroughly, inspiringly, throughout the rest of her life.

This splendid biography, of particular interest to folks in the Middle West, is also of general interest.

Dr. Marion Langer and **Dorothy Pitkin** probably don't know each other. But both appear simultaneously with books about the problems of widowhood.

In *And Live Alone* (Pantheon, $3.50), Mrs. Pitkin tells how she moved to a New Hampshire farmhouse after her husband's death. The house was too big, it had no electricity, there were night sounds and the constant specter of loneliness. But she stuck it out and by the time the first year was over, had won her way through to serenity and acceptance.

Mrs. Langer's approach is quite different in *Learning to Live as a Widow* (Gilbert Press, $3.95). Academically, it should prove of great benefit to most widows who face problems of emotional adjustment, finances, and social and personal relationships.

For the widow, the problems of readjustment are many. Suddenly, with the death of her husband, she is back where she started from—only it may be some 25 years later.

Every month, it seems, I find myself saying: "Well, every book there is to be written about A. Lincoln has been written." Then, along comes another. This time it is *Lincoln and the Tools of War* (Bobbs-Merrill, $5). **Robert V. Bruce,** who learned how to dig into Lincoln lore as a researcher for biographer Benjamin Thomas, has tilled some fresh fields here. He brings us a new picture of America's most written-about president—Lincoln, the practical, ingenious executive who relentlessly pressed the hunt for better weapons during the Civil War.

Lincoln patiently watched inventors demonstrate their gadgets (on a couple of occasions he narrowly missed being killed by faulty gimcracks) and prodded reluctant bureaucrats to accept improvements in time-tested arms.

Fifty-two days at sea, without sighting land, was only one lap in a three-year trip the **Eric Hiscocks** took around the world in a 30-foot yacht. *Around the World in Wanderer III* (Oxford University Press, $6) will help soothe the soul of any landlubber who yearns to see tropical islands and rolling seas. Yes, it may be exciting and significant to spin around the world in 40-odd hours aboard a jet bomber—but a fellow must take it easy to recapture the thrills tasted by early explorers.
—BARNABAS

BEST SELLERS

North, South, East, West

The best sellers selected here are taken from a poll of Cokesbury Book Stores in six major cities. Review does not necessarily imply recommendation of the books listed:

NON-FICTION:

The FBI Story, **by Don Whitehead** (Random House, $4.95).
The Nun's Story, **by Kathryn Hulme** (Little, Brown, $4.).
This Hallowed Ground, **by Bruce Catton** (Doubleday, $5.95).
Men to Match My Mountains, **by Irving Stone** (Doubleday, $5.95).
The Bible as History, **by Werner Keller** (Morrow, $5.95).
The New World, **by Sir Winston Churchill** (Dodd, Mead, $6.).

FICTION:

The Fountain Overflows, **by Rebecca West** (Viking, $5.).
Don't Go Near the Water, **by William Brinkley** (Random House, $3.95).
The Philadelphian, **by Richard Powell** (Scribners, $3.95).
The Etruscan, **by Mika Waltari** (Putnam, $4.50).
Compulsion, **by Meyer Levin** (Simon & Schuster, $5.).
The Tribe That Lost Its Head, **by Nicholas Monsarrat** (Sloane, $4.95).

'Magic Carpet of Friendship'

Via a tape recorder, this family visits faraway places—without leaving home.

By ROBERT W. LUEBKE

WE DON'T write it; we tape it! What's more, we find it a tremendously fascinating way to become acquainted with our "neighbors" around the world. That's what tape-recorded messages are—warm, friendly chats, just like visits with next-door neighbors. Our tape recorder is the magic carpet with which our family visits families overseas. These tape visits have enlarged our circle of friends until it extends around the world. Countries and people once only geographic statistics have become intensely real to us.

Via our tape recorder we have helped a Chilean family improve its English and have been helped with our Spanish. We have been taken on "automobile tours" of South Africa and have taken our South African friends on "camping trips" in the U.S. With an Australian family we exchange do-it-yourself ideas; with a Japanese family, music and gardening tips; with a Swiss, travel talk. We think the possibilities for creating better understanding between countries are tremendous.

The main requirements for participation are a tape recorder and someone with whom to exchange tapes. Our tape recorder has become as indispensable as the family typewriter or camera, and its cost wasn't any greater than either. Finding someone to correspond with is a matter merely of joining one of several tape-correspondence clubs. For example: Tape Respondents International, Jim Greene, Secretary, Box 125, Dept. T., Little Rock, Ark.; The Voicespondence Club, Charles Owen, Secretary, Noel, Va.; World Tape Pals, Inc., Marjorie Matthews, Secretary, Box 9211, Dallas 15, Tex.; International Tape Worms, Art Rubin, National Chairman, Box 215, Cedarhurst, N.Y.; United Recording Club, Richard L. Marshall, President, 2516 S. Austin Blvd., Chicago 50, Ill., or National Tapespinners, Carl Lotz, Secretary, Box 148, Paoli, Pa.

In such clubs, members pay a small annual fee which in most cases lists them in the membership roster, provides them with a copy of the roster, gives them access to the club's tape library, and pays for the club news. The fee for the Voicespondence Club, of which we are members, is $3 a year. Each member is listed according to location, name, address, occupation, capacity of recording equipment, languages spoken, and interests.

Who exchanges tapes depends on the interests of those concerned and is limited only by the imagination of the participants. It might be just small talk from one household to another; it might be a report on a trip, complete with accompanying maps and photos. Or it might be an exchange of music. Our family has exchanged Dixie Land jazz from our country with Zulu music from South Africa. Other interesting recordings received by us have included interviews taken from the radio or made in person; an amateur-theater group rehearsing in Pietermaritzburg, South Africa; an Australian jet crashing the sound barrier, and New Year's Eve revelry in Chile.

Tapes are available in lengths ranging from a few minutes to two hours or more. We have adopted the seven-inch reel for our exchanges. Our machine is dual track, which means we play the tape twice. The

An all-family hobby for the Luebkes—making a tape for overseas friends.

What's Your Hobby?

Here's a chance for you to trade stamps, coins, recipes, patterns, or stories with someone in your own city or on the other side of the world. Each month TOGETHER will publish names and addresses of the Methodist hobbyists so that you can get in touch with them. If you want to be listed, send your name, address, and hobby to TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. (Pen Pal entries are limited to those 18 years of age or less.)—Eds.

Amateur Radio:
Lester Sade, 652 Second St., San Bruno, Calif.

Antique Buttons:
Mrs. Karl Gerstenlauer, Broadway Rd., Milton, Pa.; Mrs. Merrill V. Best, 29 Broadway, Milton, Pa.

Church Bulletins:
Rev. Sydney B. Gaither, Box 12, Dallas, Ore.

Clothes Catalogues:
Janet Holsapple, RR 5, Box 21, Anderson, Ind.

Coins:
Mrs. LeRoy Jeglum, Waterville, Iowa; Melvin R. George, Wesley Memorial Methodist Church, Auburn Ave. at Ivy St., Atlanta 3, Ga.; Rev. Gilbert P. Reichert, Waverly Methodist Church, Second and High Sts., Waverly, Ohio.

Dolls:
Mrs. Samuel Paulding, Box 985, Klamath, Calif.

Epitaphs:
Mrs. Charles Piatt, 2318 Crawford Ave., Parsons, Kan.

Fans:
Mrs. C. W. Geil, 225 E. Commercial, Anaconda, Mont.

Genealogy:
Mrs. L. E. Wallis, 8952 Laramie Ave., Skokie, Ill. (Holsaple, Holtzappel); Mrs. Samuel C. Veazie, Havelock, Iowa (Veazie, Viggers, Brownbridge); Mrs. Harry I. Hamilton, Jr., Box 14, New Baltimore, N.Y. (Wood, Comstock).

Greeting Cards:
Mrs. Agnes Johnson, 708 12th St., NE, Minot, N.D.

Lord's Prayer Pictures:
Rev. N. Clifford Bangham, Box 54, Okeana, Ohio.

Music:
Camille Bond, 1846 Dodge St., Sidney, Neb.

Old Hymnals:
Rev. William A. Highfield, Box 96, Springville, Pa.

Pencils:
C. W. Faulk, Box 307, Clute, Tex.

Pen Pals (open to age 18):
Carolyn Green (12), R.R. 3, Mitchell, S.D.; Ann Yagel (13), R.R. 5, Columbia City, Ind.; Mary Hay (14), 1007 Sixth Ave., Worthington, Minn.; Verlyn Green (13), R.R. 3, Mitchell, S.D.; Ellen Milhan (10), Abita Rd., Covington, La.; Juanita Smith (16), 1431 Greenland Ave., Nashville, Tenn.; Sandra Foote (15), Box 44, S. Main St., N. Haverhill, N.H.; Jean Schampers (16), 703 Marshall Ave., Green Bay, Wis.; Bennett Johnson (12), 381 Franklin Ave., Princeton, N.J.

Photography:
Bill Norman, Rt. 4, Box 969, Phoenix, Ariz.; Rev. Robert R. Huddleston, 1411 Locust Pl., Thornton, Colo.; Jean Henderson, 505 N. H St., Hugo, Okla.

Pictures:
Stella Davis Hiller, 920 Juniper Rd., Glenview, Ill. (covered bridges); Arthur Bentsen, 70 Kensington Ave., Bayport, N.Y. (airplanes).

Pitchers:
Mary E. Gayman, 321 S. Park, Mercersburg, Pa.

Political Mementoes:
Monroe D. Ray, Belmont, N.Y.

Post Cards:
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Postmarks:
Mrs. Edith Willmott, Gen. Del., Longmont, Colo.; Mrs. Howard L. Ober, 12 Robertson Pl., Monterey, Calif.

Recipes:
Frances Schmidt, 28 Crescent St., Keansburg, N.J.

Religious Stereopticon Slides:
Mrs. Ruth McClarey, Lovington, Ill.

Stamps:
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Strange Names:
Charlotte E. Pettypool, Isabella, Calif.

Wood Turning:
Manuel Ehresman, 904 Sutton Dr., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

first time the tape goes through the machine just the top half is played. This is called track number one. The second time, the bottom half or track number two is played. Playing time of a seven-inch reel is two hours at the slower speed of 3¾ ips (inches per second), considered good for speech, or one hour at 7½ ips, considered best for music.

We usually put an hour of talk on track number one, with musical intervals from records or radio to relieve the monotony. We record track number two at the faster speed and fill it solidly with popular music. We seldom exchange classical music because it is universal.

Tapes travel by mail and require little more attention than a letter. In more than four years of exchanges we have lost only one small reel.

Tapes are not expensive and can be used over and over. Recorders are surprisingly uniform all around the world; a tape arriving from a foreign country plays perfectly on our machine, with all the realism of having been made in our own living room.

This, we feel, is a wonderful hobby. Why not join in the fun?

As a starter, you'll want to talk with friends about the relative merits of various recorders. You can get catalogues from mail-order houses which specialize in audio equipment. Tape recorders will run from $90 up; a seven-inch tape will cost around $3.50.

Some of our friends have built better-quality recorders into hi-fi sets and find they get an even better sound reproduction.

Once you have a recorder you'll be surprised at how often you use it and how much fun it is for the whole family. When your child comes home from Sunday school with his first memory verse, you can preserve it on tape. When there's a wedding or an anniversary in the family, you can tape the good wishes of friends for later listening.

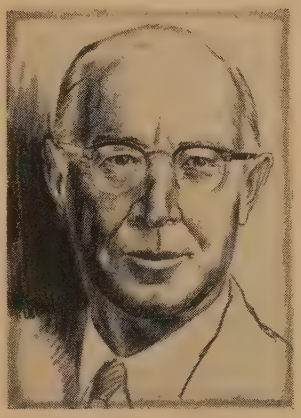
We know of one young mother whose first baby arrived when her parents were serving as missionaries in Africa. A recording of the baby's first cries, and greetings from the new parents, bridged the distance and brought that family together.

Yes, tape recording is a wonderful hobby!

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

Edwin Kimbrough
Anniston, Ala.



George Truman Carl
Mason City, Iowa

Lloyd M. Conyers
Batesville, Ark.

J. T. Copplestone
Lynn, Mass.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; let him return to the Lord, that he may have mercy on him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.—Isaiah 55:7.

THE PUNISHMENT most feared by Hamish Bond's slaves was not the whip but the finger-pointing.

When a violator of the code of the plantation, described in Robert Penn Warren's novel *Band of Angels,* was under the finger-pointing, nobody spoke to him except to give an order. All he got from anyone was a silent stare and a pointing finger. This bitter ostracism went on until his punishment was worked out.

Finally came what every offender looked toward, the raise-up. The workers would gather at night in the light of pine-knot flares. The old headman would reach down to the culprit crouching in the center of the circle and lift him up. Then came a great clapping of hands and stamping on the ground. Everybody was happy at the restoration.

"I reckon it's just what everybody wants," said Hamish Bond.

Now we can all have the raise-up. Fellow sinners may not grant it readily. But God is merciful and will always give the raise-up if a man is ready to rise.

Prayer: O God, Father, help us to complete our readiness to return to thee, that our lives may be open to receive thy waiting mercy. Amen.

—J. TREMAYNE COPPLESTONE

Then the Lord formed man of dust from the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living being. —Genesis 2:7

MANY OF THE marvelous endowments of man manifest themselves in his ability to create; in his ability to take the crude and simple things of nature and create something of beauty and worth out of them. A common cloth and pigments plain may be made into "a joy forever." A sheet of paper and printer's ink may become a song "that singeth low in every heart."

But the Creator is greater than the created and in all the works of man we see but a reflection of the work of God, who, from the dust of the earth, created man in his own image, a creature "fearfully and wonderfully made" indeed.

But even so, God's creative work with man is just begun. The heavenly Father hath designed and moves that from the crucible of human experience we should "be conformed to the image of his Son . . . that he might be the firstborn among many brethren" [Rom. 8:29]. All the ministries of the church have been ordained to effect this work, that we might come to "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ" [Eph. 4:13]. Truly, no man can have a higher aspiration for himself than that God's work be completed in him.

Prayer: Eternal God, grant unto us the grace to persistently press toward the mark of the prize of high calling that thou hast set for us in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

—LLOYD M. CONYERS

Make me to know thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths.—Psalms 25:4

WE WERE PARKED on a city street, watching the crowds go by. It was a Saturday, just at dusk. The neon signs were flashing their silent—and urgent—messages to all who would look and read. Suddenly, my eyes were drawn toward a sign in the window of a shoe-repair shop. It read, "Invisible Half-Soles." The symbolism of it stabbed my spirit broad awake. "Invisible Half-Souls."

The major events of our time have been so essentially man-centered that one marked deficiency has been brought sharply into focus: *Man has not developed his God-given spiritual resources.* He stumbles along the labyrinthine

Dr. Rall Answers Your Questions

Harris Franklin Rall
Professor Emeritus, Garrett Biblical Institute.

Q What can we pray for?

"Lord, teach us to pray!" those who walked and talked with Jesus asked him one day, and his followers have been making the same request ever since. We know why we should pray, why we must pray if we are to grow up from Christian babyhood into Christian adulthood, but we don't know how to pray; we need instruction.

We are not bothered so much by the words as by the ideas. One reader writes about two devout women, both victims of a dread disease. Both pray for recovery. One is healed and the other is not. My correspondent asks "Why?" as he refers to Hebrews 11, where we read of women who "received their dead by resurrection" while others "suffered mocking and scourging" and "were killed with the sword."

Dare we pray for healing—either for ourselves or those we love? For safety on a journey? For strength in overcoming a temptation? For success in an examination, or even a game? For weather that suits us? For victory over enemies? For the intervention of God in matters we should handle ourselves, with his counsel and help?

Anything proper in a conversation with our heavenly Father is a fit subject for prayer. But when we have made our requests, we ought to be willing to leave the answer with God. We ought not try to persuade, or argue, or cajole. Prayer, after all, is not a mechanical force; it is the heart of a spiritual life, and we cannot expect any result that is inconsistent with God's character or ours.

Q Is prayer limited to asking and receiving?

To ask is to answer; but too often we confine our praying to a few moments at the end of the day when we turn to God and say, "Thank you, forgive me, watch over me." Unless prayer goes with us from the day's beginning to its end, it isn't much.

God is the center of praying. In fact, religious living is fellowship with God: in faith and trust and obedience, in dependence on God and help from God, and in fellowship with those of like faith in worship and service. Prayer is nothing more or less than fellowship with God coming to conscious expression.

It is no accident that the Lord's Prayer begins and ends with the supreme thought of God: "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. . . . For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory. . . ."

Asking? Of course. According to Matthew 7:7, our Lord said of his heavenly Father and ours, "Ask, and it will be given you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you."

Receiving, too? Yes, but our receiving is not an answer to prayer, but prayer itself. All that we do in asking is to open the door to God so that he may say "Yes" or "No" or "Wait" according to his will. This prayer of faith is the open door by which God comes in with his forgiveness and grace, his love and power.

Penitence? Thanksgiving? Aspiration—reaching upward and onward? To be sure, prayer is all that, too, and much more. Praying is living!

ways of his own will, heedless of the Higher Will.

However, God has set before us ways of hope and redemption, paths of peace and purpose; but midget souls will not find them, nor will self-obsessed men walk in them. It is time, high time, for all who call upon the name of the Lord to cry submissively, to pray expectantly, and to live in the light of his will.

Christ came and said, "Learn of me." In our better moods we are haunted by this invitation from the lips of our Lord. Then, let our prayer be: "*Make* me . . . *teach* me."

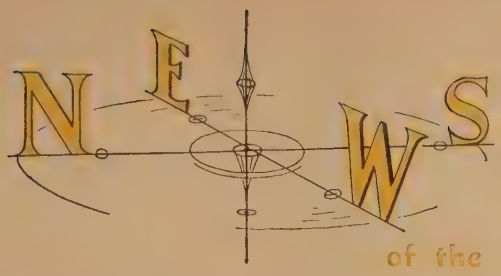
Prayer: Make us to know thy ways, O Lord; teach us thy paths, for we are lame from wandering in our own ways. Amen.
—EDWIN KIMBROUGH

And Jesus came and said to them, "All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me. Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age."—Matthew 28:18-20

THE DIVINE POWER, emanating from God, defies description. Christ projected it in a myriad of mighty ways, culminating in the "power of the Resurrection." In the perfect prayer of our Savior, this power is placed at our disposal, but qualifiedly. It cannot remain static. It must find perpetual release. The aggregate of divine power, released through Christian energies, compels all tyranny to tremble in its tracks.

We battle with iniquitous foes in a wilderness as wanton as did Jesus in Matthew 4. But the same power is at our instant command. Victory with "ministering angels" is no ethereal dream. Through personality committed to Christ, our world can know the mysterious fact of divine reinforcement. No evil force in this universe can withstand the shattering impact of spiritual power. It's ours! Let's use it!

Prayer: "Open the doors, good Saint," they cried.
"Pass deeper to your soul,
There is power in your side,
Which hell cannot control."
—GEORGE TRUMAN CARL



Methodist Pastor, 35, Preaches Under Fire

"The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face. . . ."

The words of the square-jawed, intent young minister were interrupted by the thud of an aerial bomb exploding near the temporary church. A worshiper glanced at his wrist watch. "They're a little behind schedule today," he whispered. Unflinching, the Rev. David K. Fison finished the benediction and dismissed his scanty congregation.

He shook hands with the faithful few, housewives, laborers, two Negroes, probably 25 in all, from Chicago's industrial South Side. Then he shepherded his wife and two young daughters to his sedan and headed for the parsonage, a police car falling in behind.

Exaggerated? Far from it. This is a typical Sunday for David Fison, pastor of the South Deering Methodist Church and this is how Methodists worship there. Bombs, vigilantes, intimidation, harassment; they've all been part of the program since Fison appeared on the scene eight months ago.

The issue: racial integration.

Said one church friend: "Temporarily we have services in this field house. We've tried to buy property for a new church. Only as soon as they learn the church is behind it, the property isn't available. Finally, we've bought and only three people know the location. We're going to put up a sign. Then they'll know we aren't licked."

As he spoke, squad cars and police motorcycles slowly circled the area.

"The opposition," he went on, "picks on our pastor because he symbolizes what they're against. I guess they're afraid they will lose their homes. It's happened in Chicago, you know. The Negroes move in, the whites move out."

Back in the Fison home, the 35-year-old pastor talked easily about his ministry. When housing authorities ordered a large South Deering project to open 25 of its 454 apartments to Negroes, Fison was a first-year seminary student at Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.

Awarded his BD degree in June, he re-examined his situation. He was well established in suburban Ingleside Community Methodist Church in Fox Lake, Ill., his student pastorate his last two years at Garrett. The church was growing. He was comfortable. Things looked good.

Amid aerial bomb explosions, the Rev. David Fison carries on Sunday worship —often for a scant five or six members.

"But my conscience began to hurt me. My wife and I talked it over for a long time before we decided to move."

Fison states his stand on the racial situation this way: "I have not particularly encouraged Negroes to join The Methodist Church. Rather, I feel the church has a responsibility to minister to the whole community and Negroes live in South Deering. I will not exclude them."

In an effort to gain mobility for the 25 Negro families, Fison led the "Walk and Pray Association," a nonretaliation movement of "walking and praying" in the face of almost nightly bursts of aerial bombs and other intimidation.

"For several years the Negroes rode squad cars wherever they went," he said. "Now for the first time they walk the streets without fear of bodily harm. We've asked that the squad cars be withdrawn.

"It hasn't been easy here. I've been called everything in the book.

"Today is quite a historic Sunday. Those two men in church . . . they've been bitterly opposed to me from the beginning. I don't know why they came, but I'm grateful to God."

Pointing to a hole in the parsonage window, he explained: "A rock came through it the day after an article about the community appeared in a national magazine. Sometimes the bombs go off over the parsonage, and lately the telephone rings in the middle of the night, but no one answers."

Then Fison excused himself. "Maybe we can talk more later, but we have a youth meeting in the field house."

Next day Chicago newspapers reported Fison's eviction from his parsonage. His landlord called him a troublemaker.

U.S. GROWING

Too Fast for Methodists

Methodist membership is not keeping up with U.S. population growth, Methodism's Board of Evangelism has warned.

Population is increasing about 2 per cent a year, but last year's Methodist increase was only 1.4 per cent, and that was the largest in six years, Harry Denman, general secretary of the board, reports.

"We should have a net gain of at least 3 per cent a year," Denman adds.

In Cuba, however, Methodism has more than doubled in the last seven years, shooting from 4,000 to 9,000.

GIRLS' GOALS:

Marriage or 'Motherly' Job

Take it from an official of the National Council of Churches, the average American girl prefers marriage to a career, and, if she must work, chooses "mother-type" jobs.

So says the Rev. Elmer G. Million, executive director of the Council's Department of the Ministry. He told a recent youth-work session that recent studies indicate "womanhood is being reinstated as a goal with today's generation of girls." He went on to predict that the church will play an "incredibly enlarged role in vocational guidance" in the future.

HEADLINES

Play Up Methodists

Within the month, four Methodists made national headlines.

Time magazine in a recent cover story featured 58-year-old Carrol Meteer

METHODIST ALMANACK

A Miscellaney of Dates & Divers Interesting Matters for People Called Methodist

Write injuries in dust, benefits in marble—B. Franklin

APRIL hath XXX days — 4th Month

There is no glory in star or blossom
Till looked upon by a loving eye;
There is no fragrance in April breezes
Till breathed with joy as they wander by.—Bryant

15	M	U. S. income tax due
16	Tu	*A long life may not be good enough*
17	W	*But a good life is long enough*
18	Th	San Francisco quake, fire, 1906
19	Fr	Good Friday
20	Sa	Read Matthew 28:1-10, 16-20
21	S	Easter Sunday
22	M	*Doors of wisdom are never shut*
23	Tu	Council of Bishops begins Cincinnati meeting Methodist ministers begin seminar, Washington, D. C.
24	W	First soda-fountain patent, 1833
25	Th	First earth turned on Suez Canal, 1859
26	Fr	Plague blackens London, 1665
27	Sa	Church workers begin lab, Green Lake, Wis.
28	S	National Christian College Day
29	M	New York tries first "L" train, 1878
30	Tu	U. S. makes Louisiana purchase, 1803

■ Early spadework was done by hand, but machinery later speeded the job. Canal opened for traffic after 10-years' digging. Parts of a canal from 640 BC were put to use. Earlier channels had been dug: the Pharaohs built one in 1380 BC. Napoleon thought of digging a canal, dropped idea when engineers warned that the Red Sea and Mediterranean were at different levels. His advisers were wrong: present waterway has no locks.

MAY hath XXXI days — 5th Month

If you would the doctor pay,
Leave your flannels off in May.—Unknown

1	W	Empire State building opens, 1931
2	Th	J. Wesley begins outdoor meetings, 1739
3	Fr	*You can make life a bed of roses...*
4	Sa	*if you put in a lifetime of spadework*
5	S	Begin National Family Week
6	M	Postage stamps are born, 1840
7	Tu	*Lusitania* sinks, 1915
8	W	V-E Day, 1945 (Washington and London announce war's end)
9	Th	*Better slip with foot than tongue*
10	Fr	Methodists become one people, 1939
11	Sa	Minnesota 99 years old today
12	S	Mother's Day (Festival of the Christian Home)
13	M	First English settlement at Jamestown, 1607
14	Tu	Israel declares independence, 1948

■ A plaque in a Kansas City building thus records a giant step in Christian progress: "In this auditorium on May 10, 1939, was consummated the reunion of three Methodist bodies to form The Methodist Church."

Shanks, president of the Prudential Insurance Co. of America.

President Eisenhower appointed to the Supreme Court a brilliant legal technician—and a Missouri Methodist—Charles Evans Whittaker.

Star center of the University of Kentucky basketball squad, Ed Beck, a licensed Methodist minister, won new fans with inspired play and preaching while his wife lay critically ill. She later died of Hodgkin's disease in a Macon, Ga., hospital.

Life's report on integration in the North carried an account of the Rev. David K. Fison and his church in Chicago's tense Trumbull Park district.

FOR MIDEAST:

Radio—With a Punch

A 100,000-watt radio transmitter soon will be beaming the Christian message to Middle Eastern countries.

Planned by the National Council of Churches' division of foreign missions, the station will cost $250,000. Programs will be educational, cultural, and religious. The station will be supported by co-operating U.S. Protestant and Orthodox groups.

The transmitter will give Protestant and Orthodox churches a "really adequate Christian voice in the Near East and the Moslem world for the first time," a spokesman said. It is expected to be on the air within a year.

FUND-CHECKING GROUP:

Open Door to Censorship?

A warning that a new organization, set up to curb dishonest fund solicitations, opens a door to potential censorship has been sounded by Dr. E. Harold Mohn, general secretary, Commission on Cultivation and Promotion.

The National Conference on Solicitations, Inc., aims at alerting the public to the "danger of racketeers operating in the name of charity" and "at reducing the multiplicity of campaigns."

While approving of the group's aims, Dr. Mohn warned that it should not have censorship powers. Soliciting groups should have "freedom to appeal to the public conscience," he said.

4-TO-1 EDGE:

Protestant Films Gain

Four times as many films with a Protestant theme were produced in Hollywood last year as with a Roman Catholic theme, George A. Heimrich, director of the National Council of Churches' Broadcasting and Film

Commission West Coast office, reports. The figures show, he says, that Catholics no longer enjoy what was once considered a favored position in the film capital.

Council officials denied meanwhile that they are trying to bar the more conservative branches of Protestantism from the airways. Dr. S. Franklin Mack replied to a charge by the National Religious Broadcasters, Inc., an affiliate of the conservative National Association of Evangelicals.

DUBLIN SALUTES

Migrating Methodists

A letter reviving memories of the part Irishmen played in founding Methodism in the U.S. has been delivered to Methodist officials by Robert Briscoe, Dublin's first Jewish Lord Mayor. The letter, a greeting from the Rev. S. E. McCaffrey, president of The Methodist Church of Ireland, was presented to Bishop Frederick B. Newell in New York during Briscoe's recent visit to the U.S. It recalled the work of such Methodist pioneers as Philip Embury and Robert Strawbridge.

In it, McCaffrey said, "Irish Methodists rejoice that migrating members of our church were providentially led to sow seeds of Methodism in the North American continent 200 years ago."

Among a group from Ireland who landed in New York in 1760 was Philip Embury, a young carpenter and Methodist preacher who, with Capt. Thomas Webb, got Methodism rolling in that area. Another Irish Methodist, Robert Strawbridge, landed about the same time in Maryland. His preaching soon carried Methodism into Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Virginia.

McCaffrey invited American Methodists to "visit our lovely and historic land," promising that "our churches, and the Irish people generally will offer *cead mile failte*—a 100,000 welcomes."

NEWS DIGEST . . .

USUALLY THE BANK repossesses mortgaged churches. But this time Holy Spirit Episcopal Church, Boston, has taken over a bank—a branch of National Shawmut Bank. The church bought the property when the branch moved to a new location.

A NEW $5.5 million Asbury Methodist Hospital is being built in St. Louis Park, a Minneapolis suburb. It will replace old Asbury Hospital in Minneapolis, which will be converted to accommodate about 180 chronic and convalescent patients.

AFTER FIRE caused $5,000 damage to Rice's Landing Methodist Church (Pa.), members, appropriately, shifted services to the town fire hall.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY, Methodist school in Washington, D.C., has elevated its department of government and public affairs to a school, effective July 1, and named Dr. Catheryn Seckler-Hudson as dean.

FATHER'S DAY deserves official recognition, according to a Methodist senator. Congress legalized Mother's Day in 1917. Says Margaret Chase Smith (R., Me.): "Either we honor both our parents, mother and father, or let us desist from honoring either one."

DISPUTES RAGING:

Free Parochial Bus?

New fuel is being added to the fires of controversy raging over proposals to provide parochial-school pupils with free bus transportation at taxpayers' expense. Most recent developments:

Stamford, Conn.: Corporation Counsel John M. Hanrahan declared it is legal—and may be a "duty"—for a municipality to provide this service.

Augusta, Me.: Six hundred Catholic parents, who had threatened to transfer their children *(Continued on page 69)*

The president of The Methodist Church of Ireland, the Rev. S. E. McCaffrey (center), and the Rev. J. L. Cairns (right), Dublin, hand a message of greeting to U.S. Methodists to Dublin's Lord Mayor, Robert Briscoe, prior to his departure for N.Y.

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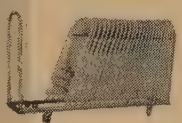

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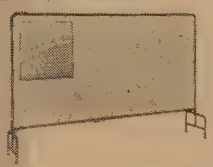

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King-size do-it-yourself project: White and some of the 322 organ pipes in his home.

There's Life in Those Old Pipes Yet!

By HENRY CHARLES SUTER

TO MOST people, getting routed out of bed at dawn's early light with a loud blast of music would be grounds for justifiable homicide—or at least a quick call to police. Not so with the folks who live near Homer White's home in Atlanta, Ga. To the contrary, they do all they can to enourage his 6:30 A.M. serenade.

The reason: White, a Georgia Tech student and organist-choir director of St. John's Methodist Church, has installed a 322-pipe church organ in his home. His early-morning concerts feature hymns—and neighbors for several blocks around deluge him with requests for their favorites. In fact, it is not unusual for lines of cars to stop in front of the door, the occupants enjoying this unusual neighborhood concert.

Usually White plays at least twice a day, once in the morning and again in the early evening. Neighbors say proudly that they are probably the only people around fortunate enough to start their day with a program of favorite hymns.

It was little over a year ago that the Stewart Avenue Methodist Church gave White the organ after it had bought a new one. The instrument had been offered previously to several other churches, but since estimates to repair and install it ran around $3,000, the gift found no takers—except the young physics student.

With prodigious work, but little expense, he managed to install the console in the dining room, the pipes in the basement. He added extra pipes from another church organ; for an extra fillip put on a harp system which once belonged to a wealthy Atlantan. The hundreds of pipes have virtually filled the basement, leaving only narrow passageways open to move about. The cellar has been rewired, too—and to make sure every note can be heard properly, White has cut a "hearing hole" in the floor and covered it with a grill.

He overhauled the complete organ with such success that the Stewart Avenue organist says it now produces richer, more majestic tones than at any time during the many years he played it.

But it is from White's grandmother, Mrs. K. B. McConnell, that comes what is perhaps the highest tribute. She tells proudly of the neighbors' interest in White's inspiring music and adds: "Best of all is the privilege of being able to awaken in the morning with those beautiful hymns swelling in the air."

ic schools, agreed to await a court ruling on the issue. A mass transfer could ost the city $40,000.

Ashland, Wis.: The city council has sked the state's attorney general for n opinion on the legality of a measure o provide $3,610 annually for Cathlic bus service.

ADVICE TO CHURCHMEN:

'Get Into Politics'

Churchmen should leave off theorizng about politics and get into the fray lown on the "firing-line" level. That, n a nutshell, is the advice of a Denver ttorney and a former California Congressman.

Roy Romer, a lawyer, told a Colorado Council of Churches' legislative seminar that churchmen are "tragically narrowing" their interest in government by concentrating on a few "moral issues"—gambling, liquor, and discrimination—and leaving critical policy decisions to others.

"They have little to offer, for instance, on the subject of just tax structures," he charged, "except opposition to financing government by race-track or other gambling revenues."

Ex-Congressman Jerry Voorhis assured a Methodist seminar on state politics in Des Moines that an unselfish political worker "can wield a good deal more influence than he may think before he starts in."

He warned, however, against indiscriminate letter campaigns. Legislators, he said, know these are often phony.

CANADIAN CHURCHES

Attack Sunday Paper

Central Canada now has it first Sunday newspaper, and churchmen will prosecute it for "flouting" the Dominion's Lord's Day Act, a 1906 law.

The Toronto *Telegram's* first Sunday edition appeared March 17 and immediately the United Church of Canada warned that such a publication will "whittle away our whole Canadian approach to Sunday as a day of rest." Other Protestant church groups also assailed the newspaper.

Six other Toronto newspapers and broadcasting stations, which the *Telegram* claims do Sunday work, also face legal action.

John Bassett, Jr., *Telegram* publisher, pointed out that the law made exceptions for "any work of necessity." He declared that the "uncertain international scene" made dissemination of news seven days a week a "work of necessity." Most of the work is being

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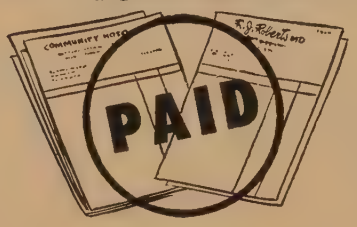

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done on Saturday, he said, and distribution will not conflict with Sunday school or church.

PASTORS AID COURT

Church Curbs Crime

Ministers now help law officials with juvenile cases in Trenton, N.J., and Allentown, Pa.

In Trenton, a clergyman is present at each session of the county juvenile court. Twenty pastors take turns offering advice to the court and aiding families.

In Allentown, young offenders must report to church once a week for two months—if their parents agree. Ministers sign the youths' cards to prove attendance.

INDIFFERENCE

Path to Welfare State?

Indifference by Christians to the sick and aged may lead to the rise of the welfare state, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, minister of Christ Church, New York City, has warned. Unless the church carries out a ministry to the sick and the homeless, the Methodist clergyman feels, the government will. "This," he says, "would bring us closer to the welfare state."

Sockman added: "Not only are there more people alive at 60 today than ever before, but they are more alive at 60 than ever."

In similar vein, Dr. Benjamin Boshes of Northwestern University, pointed out recently that "with better medical care, more and more old people are being found on the population rolls, and some provision must be made for them." And Olin E. Oeschger, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes, has underlined the need of trained help in hospitals, social work, and homes for the growing number of aged.

EUROPE & U.S.

Summer Student-Swap

With Methodists among the participating groups, an International Christian Youth Exchange will get underway this summer. Each of the five American denominations taking part will bring 20 high-school students here from Europe and send five Americans to study abroad for a year. Students will live with families as a son or daughter.

The Rev. Joseph W. Bell, director of voluntary service for The Methodist Church, is chairman of the executive committee. Other denominations participating: Church of the Brethren, Disciples of Christ, Evangelical and Reformed Church, and United Presbyterian Church of North America.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

and his trick quiz

MODERN TV programs might take a tip from Alexander the Great, who lived 356-323 B.C. He had studied under the renowned Aristotle, so felt sure he could stump the 10 Gymnosophist philosophers who had led one Sabbas to revolt.

When they were lined up before him, he explained that the first to give a wrong answer would be put to death—and then all must die. The oldest of the 10 was to be the judge. Hear the story as recorded by Plutarch:

"Which," Alexander asked of the first, "were the most numerous: the living or the dead?" Answer: "The living—because the dead no longer exist."

The second was asked, "Which produced the largest animals, the earth or the sea?" Answer: "The earth—because the sea is a part of it."

The third: "Which is the craftiest of all animals?" Answer: "That with which man is not yet acquainted (probably meaning man, himself)."

The fourth: "What was your reason for persuading Sabbas to revolt?" Answer: "Because I wished him either to live with honor, or die as a coward."

The fifth: "Which do you think oldest, day or night?" Answer: "The day, by one day." When Alexander expressed surprise, the philosopher added: "Abstruse questions must have abstruse answers."

Sixth: "What are the best means for a man to make himself loved?" Answer: "If possessed of great power, do not make yourself feared."

Seventh: "How can a man become a god?" Answer: "By doing what is impossible for man to do."

Eighth: "Which is stronger, life or death?" Answer: "Life, because it bears so many evils."

Ninth: "How long is it good for a man to live?" Answer: "As long as he does not prefer death to life."

Alexander then turned to the aged judge, ordering him to give sentence.

"They have all answered one worse than another," said the sage.

"Then you shall die first."

"No!" the philosopher said, "not unless you break your word—for you said the man who answered worst should first suffer."

So charmed was Alexander by the deft play of wit and wisdom, he loaded the quizees with presents and sent them on their way—even as do Hal March and Groucho Marx of our day.

TOGETHER • APRIL 1957

San Francisco Area NEWS of Your Church in Action

Bishop Donald H. Tippett
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

Editor: Winston H. Taylor
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

Speakers at the first regional Methodist Men's dinner, Richmond, are: (standing) Dean Lloyd M. Bertholf, Conference lay leader; Hugh Sherman (at microphone), Metropolitan District lay leader; (seated from left) William H. Courson, Metropolitan associate; Bishop Tippett; Hansel Harter, San Jose District lay leader; and Lim P. Lee, Metropolitan District associate.

LOAN REPAYMENT

Hangs in the Balance

One of the conference's oldest and best-known ministers will be weighed in the balance May 5—and it is hoped the other end of the scales won't be found wanting.

The Rev. and Mrs. Leon L. Loofbourow will celebrate their golden wedding anniversary April 30. Many hundreds of others are expected to help them celebrate the following Sunday in Richmond Civic Auditorium.

A feautre will be placing Dr. and Mrs. Loofbourow on scales, opposite contributions in "gold bags" which, it is hoped, will reach 320 pounds. Good Shepherd Church, Richmond, launched by Dr. Loofbourow in 1949, just before he "retired," is seeking at least $8,800 to repay his loan which made possible the first building project.

Another feature will be a "This Is Your Life" presentation by famed TV showman Ralph Edwards, who grew up as a Methodist in Oakland. This will not be telecast.

The program will begin at 5 p.m. in the auditorium with a reception, followed by the Edwards' show at 7:15, testimonials, singing by the seven Methodist choirs of the area, and the "gold" ceremony.

Arrangements are being handled by a committee headed by John Digello of Good Shepherd Church; the Rev. Fredric H. Busher of Calvary Church, San Francisco, for the conference; and Carl Rehfuss, member of St. Luke's Church, Richmond.

Dr. Loofbourow came into the conference in 1903.

700 Methodist Men Hear Appeal

More than 700 Methodist Men heard a call for self-dedication by Bishop Tippett at three regional dinners in March—first of an annual series planned by the conference board of lay activities.

The meetings attracted large groups: 140 at Richmond; nearly 300 at Sacramento; and more than 300 at Fresno, with many representing widely scattered churches.

Leaders have urged a repeat series next year.

Bishop Tippett declared that a man's worth to his community, family, himself and God demanded his complete dedication and loyalty.

He said that Christ's life was given because man's life is valuable. Christ's death on the cross, in order that man might have abundant life, proved it.

"We've taken the church on our hands, but not on our hearts and livers," added the bishop. "We've brought only a piece of ourselves to the church, but you cannot reserve certain areas of life for yourself and give other areas to Christ."

As to stewardship, Bishop Tippett urged, "Don't try to win your way to heaven by amassing wealth, because it's all God's anyway. We will be held accountable for what we do with it."

He also pointed out that men can express their worth to their community in many ways, some by always speaking well of it and others by sticking their necks out to point to evils that need correction.

Dean Lloyd M. Bertholf, conference lay leader, was master of ceremonies. In charge of arrangements for the dinners were Hugh Sherman of Oakland, Colonel Frank Paul of Sacramento, and Judge Clare Pettit of Parlier.

Music was provided by Ed Stallings of Taylor Memorial Church, Oakland.

• A feature of the March meeting of the conference Board of Lay Activities was the filling of all **Fresno** Methodist pulpits with laymen March 3.

• First president of the new Methodist Men Club at **Corcoran** is Roscoe Bessey a dairy rancher, who teaches the junior high boys' Sunday-school class, is a church trustee, a county YMCA director, high-school board member, and a former athletic coach.

• Reorganization of the Men's Club at **Florin** took place in February with Frank E. Stewart, a retired railroad man, as first president. Initial projects for the club include a men's chorus and a community recreation program for children.

MODERN SOCIETY

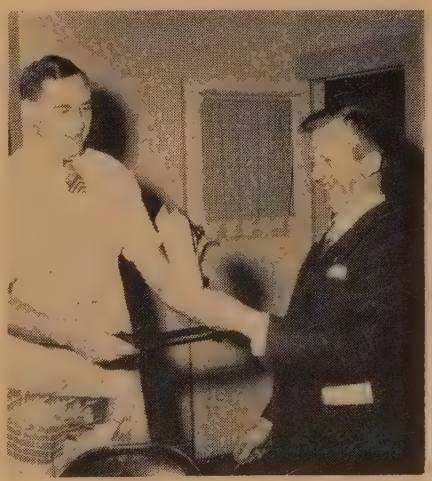
Youth to Study Issues

Delegated youths representing MYF and Wesley Fellowship groups from over the California-Nevada Conference will meet April 26-28 at Hillsdale Church, San Mateo, for the annual House of Representatives.

Purpose of the meeting is threefold—to confirm a new slate of conference MYF and WF officers, to project plans for future youth programs, to study areas of social tension and concern and suggest ways in which local youth groups can deal with them.

Opening session will be a year's review by outgoing presidents Norman Rich of Visalia and Bill Moon of Walnut Creek.

The slate of district MYF officers has been completed at spring conventions. New presidents are LeRoy Eckhardt of Fortuna, Redwood Empire; Wendell Keays of Epworth, Berkeley, Metropolitan; Conrad Bridges of Chico, Shasta; and David Quinn of Reno, Sacramento-Nevada.



Clelland Nail (left) readies tongs to take the burning mortgage of Brentwood Church's parsonage held by Richard Havens. The same program honored the anniversary of the Rev. and Mrs. H. Ball.

LAY LEADERS

Tap Lay Talent

Second oldest in service among the current district lay leaders of California-Nevada Conference is Otto Zentner of Central District. He has served since 1954, and for several years before that as associate.

Since 1918 Zentner has operated an International Harvester farm equipment dealership at Los Banos. He also does some farming. Along with his church lay work, Zentner is president of his Rotary Club, chaplain and past master of a Masonic lodge, a Scottish Rite Mason and Shriner. He is a native Californian.

Mrs. Zentner, "Lee," also is known for church work, as Conference WSCS secretary for student work. They have two sons, engineer Gordon Lee at Long Beach and pharmacy student Kenneth Ray at College of the Pacific.

Zentner's message to fellow laymen: "I am very happy that the layman in the Methodist Church is recognizing and accepting more and more the responsibilities which are of a nature for him to assume. It must be kept in mind that the pastor is the leader in each church, but his time must not be taken up with mechanical details of the operation of the charge. Through good leadership in our boards and commissions, much available talent, until recently unused, has been brought forth and is being profitably used. Without active laymen we have no church."

Central District associate lay leaders this year are Ernest Robertson of Tracy, John A. Seaman of Oakdale and Wendell Weaver of Turlock.

REFUGEES

Need New Law

Refugees from overseas have continued to come into California under church sponsorship during the first part of 1957. However the end of the Resettlement Act has stopped the influx.

Until new legislation is enacted, the churches are not bringing in any refugees, according to the Rev. Douglas Henderson of Albany, head of the Conference Refugee Resettlement Committee. The committee is urging church people to write their congressmen to support new immigration legislation.

Recent arrivals include:

• Eugene Papp, sponsored by **Trinity Church, Berkeley,** (Women's groups paid his initial expenses) has transferred from Budapest University to University of California.

• The first Hungarian refugee family to reach Monterey Peninsula was brought to **Carmel** by **Church of the Wayfarer.** Mr. and Mrs. Ferenc Koppandy arrived in mid-January. Mr. Koppandy is a mechanical engineer. Other Hungarians sponsored by the church are Janos Bakos and Oliver Keve, both in engineering positions, and Thomas Gaspar, student at Monterey Junior College. The church had a head start on the refugee program because of a number of Hungarian families already in the membership, according to the Rev. K. Fillmore Gray.

• Mr. and Mrs. Walter Geltsch, from Germany, and their children, Wolfgang, Rudolf and Sonnihilde, have been settled in **Delano** thanks to the work of a church committee headed by Robert Hiett. They have joined the church, and Geltsch is doing carpenter work.

• **Earlimart Church** made possible the immigration from Hungary of Mr. and Mrs. Gyula Dobransky and daughter Gabriella. A home was donated for their use by H. B. Keith. Dobransky was a music teacher in Hungary.

• New residents in **Fairfield** are Mr. and Mrs. Siegfried Wiesner, brought from Germany by the church. He is now employed as a tailor.

• The congregation of **First Church, Hayward,** has added Mr. and Mrs. Hendrik Kleynjan and children Henny, Nellie and Sylvia. Kleynjan has found employment in his craft as a metals worker.

• Gerard TeDoekhorst, recent arrival from Holland, is making his home in **San Francisco** under sponsorship of **Glide Memorial Church.** He is employed by a paper firm.

CALIFORNIA-NEVADA

Oldest Methodist Dies

Four ministers' widows, one of them California-Nevada's oldest Methodist, died in recent weeks. Death came also to the chairman of Glide Foundation and four other laymen related to the Conference.

Since her 100th birthday in 1953, Mrs. Jennie Phelps had been the area's oldest Methodist. She celebrated her 103rd birthday Aug. 1. She died Feb. 17 in Berkeley, where she had resided in a rest home for several months. She was a member of First Church, Alameda. She and the Rev. J. W. Phelps, who died in 1924, met at an Illinois revival 85 years ago. They came from Rock River Conference to California in 1906 and he retired in 1911 after pastorates at Oroville, Yreka, Redding and Hayward. Mrs. Phelps' centennial birthday messages included greetings from President Eisenhower.

Mrs. Stephen E. Crowe, widow of a minister who died in 1930, died Jan. 5 at Pittsburg. Services were at Lafayette.

The widow of the Rev. W. E. Rowan died March 1, at Vallejo. Her husband died in 1951.

Judge M. Anderson Thomas, president of Glide Foundation for more than 10 years and member of Glide Church, San Francisco, for over 40 years, died March 13 at his home in Piedmont. He was an honorary member of Glide Church's board of stewards and had been active in his law practice until late February. Election of his successor as foundation president is due in April.

Mrs. B. P. Jamison, former secretary of St. Paul's Church, Fresno, and former Conference WSCS secretary of spiritual life, died recently. She had been active in the early years of the WSCS School of Missions.

Ellsworth Magor, an uncle of Bishop Tippett and a member of the Antioch Church, died Feb. 9 at Antioch.

The father of Conference Lay Leader Lloyd M. Bertholf, Albert Linton Bertholf, Spivey, Kan., was fatally burned Feb. 9.

Death came March 8 in Iowa to Mrs. Robert A. Iles, mother of the Rev. Dwight M. Iles of Newcastle.

Mrs. C. N. Bertels, widow of the Conference member who died in 1953, died March 15. Services were conducted at Redwood City.

CONVOCATION

Announce New Speakers

Additional leaders have been announced for the April 23-24 Urban Life-Town and Country Convocation.

Principal speaker: Dean Robert E. Fitch, Pacific School of Religion. Theme: "The Church's Morals in Country and City." Sessions: from 10 a.m. Tuesday through Wednesday morning.

Discussion leaders: the Rev. Robert N. Boswell, executive secretary, Board of Education; the Rev. Richard Walsh, Orland, executive secretary, Town and Country Commission; the Rev. C. Douglas Hayward, pastor, Hillsdale Church, San Mateo; the Rev. George A. Warmer, Jr., chairman, urban life committee, Board of Missions.

FOR MIGRANT SERVICE

Gunderson Wins Award

Martin P. Gunderson, of Five Points, a Methodist, was honored with the $2,000 Marshall Field Award for his services in education to a migrant community.

A lay leader and member of the Five Points Church commission on stewardship and finance. Mr. Gunderson has been superintendent of Westside School District since 1946.

School enrollment shot up from 250 to 700 three weeks after he took over the job of superintendent. Mr. Gunderson has been a leader in the building of several modern school facilities.

FOR ALL AGES

Camping Dates Set

Thirty-nine summer camping periods, the same as in 1956, have been announced by the Conference Board of Education. More had been planned but were canceled for lack of sufficient leadership.

Miss Dorothy Bartalini, registrar at 83 McAllister Street, San Francisco, listed this camp schedule:

Juniors—Monte Toyon, July 6-13, July 13-20 and July 20-27; Shasta, July 27-Aug. 3; Skylandia-Tahoe, July 27-Aug. 3, Aug. 3-10; Millwood, Aug. 10-17, Aug. 17-24.

Christian Adventure (intermediates)—Monte Toyon, June 29-July 6, July 27-Aug. 3, Aug. 3-10, Aug. 10-17; Clear Lake, July 6-13, July 13-20; Butte Meadows (pioneer), July 6-13; Shasta, July 13-20; Skylandia, July 20-27; Kings Canyon (pioneer), July 20-27; Sierra, July 20-27; Redwood, Aug. 17-24, Aug. 24-30; pioneer camp, (location not yet certain) Aug. 24-31.

Institutes—Clear Lake, June 22-29, Aug. 24-31; Skylandia, Aug. 10-17, Aug. 17-24, Aug. 24-31; Monte Toyon, Aug. 17-24 (fine arts), Aug. 24-31, Aug. 31-Sept. 7; Sierra, Aug. 17-24, Aug. 24-31.

Wesley Fellowship—Trail camp, Yosemite, July 15-25; regional camp, Skylake-Tahoe, Sept. 1-7; WF weekend, La Honda, Sept. 7-8.

Adults—Single young adult trail camp, Mount Whitney, Aug. 5-18; family camp, Sierra, July 27-Aug. 3 and Aug. 3-10; Epworth Fellowship, Mission Springs, Oct. 1-4.

Not included in this program are the Conference youth division's training session for Conference officers June 17-21, and the Area youth training conference June 22-29, both at Monte Toyon; nor the Western regional Methodist Student Movement camp at Tahoe 4-H camp, Sept. 1-7.

WOMEN'S MEETINGS

Trinity's Triple Sessions

More than 1,000 women coverged on Trinity Church, Berkeley, Feb. 17-22, for the 12th annual meetings of the Western Jurisdiction Woman's Society, Deaconess Association and Wesleyan Service Guild.

New officers elected for the jurisdiction include Miss Ruth Cunningham of Colorado Springs, Deaconess president, and Mrs. Ellworth Tilton of Roseburg, Ore., WSCS president. Mrs. Warren Bonner of Napa and Mrs. F. W. Batten of Dos Palos were re-elected secretaries of WSCS missionary personnel and promotion, respectively.

In charge of arrangements for the three

Building Projects Forge Ahead

Finished or just begun, building projects continued to take a prominent role during March in the San Francisco Area.

• The new building at **Corcoran Church** was dedicated March 17 by Bishop Tippett, in connection with celebration of the church's 50th anniversary. On the previous night was a barbecue dinner, with the main course from a 700-pound beef donated by Robert Doris.

• Remodeling of the old parsonage at **California Street Church** in **Denver** resulted in a new education unit of six classrooms. This and the recently purchased parsonage are part of a relocation, expansion program.

• A new chapel, education unit and kitchen were consecrated Feb. 24 at **Fresno Japanese Church** by the Rev. Taro Goto, Conference superintendent. The old chapel has been remodeled into a social hall. Since changing locations two years ago, the church building program has cost $50,000, including a new parsonage, consecrated in 1955.

• Consecration service is slated May 5 for the first, multi-purpose unit of **Monterey Church,** with Bishop Tippett officiating. Used for the first time Feb. 24, the $80,000 structure will seat 225 in the main hall and includes parlor, kitchen, classrooms and office. The congregation was organized in 1954.

• Volunteer labor has remodeled a building purchased from another congregation as a social and education unit for the **Reedley Fellowship Church,** newest congregation in the Japanese Conference.

• The mortgage against Linder Hall wing of **St. Luke's Church, Richmond,** was retired at a family dinner marking completion of two years in a three-year stewardship program. Other accomplishments in the time have included redecoration of sanctuary and chapel, new audio-visual equipment and office machines, landscaping, reconditioning of bell tower, weatherproofing, two additional organ stops and roof and floor repairs.

• Relocation of **Pacific Church, Sacramento,** eight blocks south of its present property, has been voted by the congregation. An exchange of properites will give the church a more strategic site. The actual move would occur with a new building, funds are being raised.

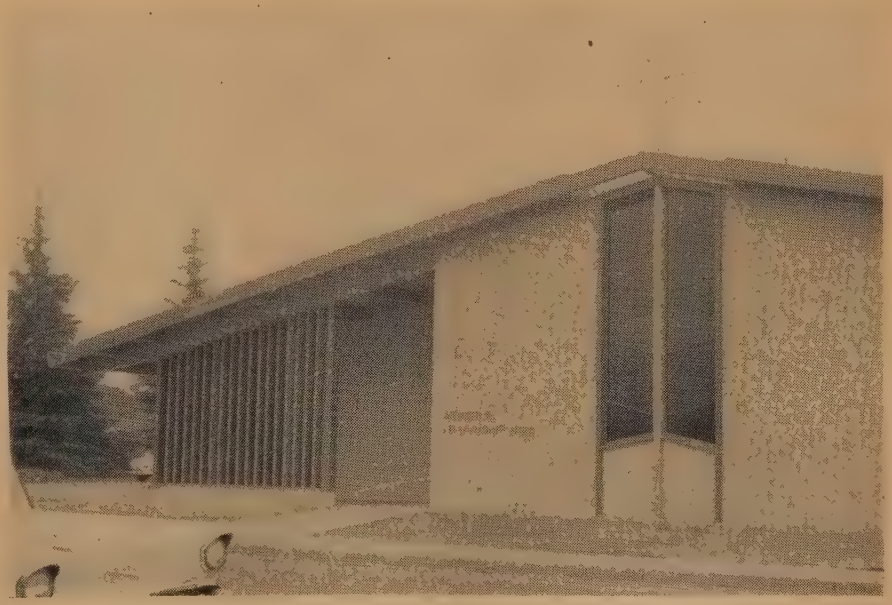
• Now conducting three worship services and three Sunday-school sessions each Sunday morning, **St. Mark's Church, Sacramento,** has pledged over $111,000 toward building of a new sanctuary. The school has an average attendance of more than 500. Jan. 6 the church received its 500th member in the person of Mrs. Donold Finch, already a member of the choir.

• Ground was broken March 3 for the new sanctuary of **Wesley Church, Sacramento,** on lots adjacent to the parsonage at 5010 15th Avenue. Estimated cost for the structure is $55,000.

• Consecration is planned soon for the $45,000 sanctuary occupied in December by **Buri Buri Church, South San Francisco.** Completion of parking area and landscaping is under way around the added unit.

• The new education wing for **Taft Church** got underway March 17, when Bishop Tippett broke ground.

• The new sanctuary of **Tranquillity Church** was consecrated Dec. 2 by Bishop Tippett, climaxing 33 years of the church's work. Melvin Hughes was chairman of the committee which conducted the project.



The Memorial Fellowship Hall, St. Paul's Church, Fresno, was dedicated March 24 by Bishop Tippett. The $89,500 structure includes a large hall and several classrooms.

meetings were Miss Dorothy Gleason of Millbrae, California-Nevada Conference deaconess president; Mrs. L. H. Schierenbeck of Trinity Church, Berkeley, WSCS, and Mrs. Clarence Jones of Reno, Jurisdiction Guild secretary.

Among the principal speakers were Bishop Tippett, for the commitment service; Miss Fae Straley, director of Gum Moon Hall in San Francisco; the Rev. Gene W. Carter, Metropolitan District superintendent, and the Rev. Marion F. Smith, host pastor, communion services. Arthur Shearer, director of music at Epworth Church, Berkeley, presented a musical drama, "Hope of the World," featuring Mrs. Will Ralph of Shattuck Avenue Church, Oakland, former missionary to Africa. Mrs. Helen Null, Santa Rosa, led the Guild's closing worship service.

NATIONAL MEETS

Leaders Represent Area

San Francisco Area Methodists have participated in several national and regional church meetings recently, including:

General Board of Evangelism meeting at San Diego—Kazuo Saito of Centenary Church, Los Angeles, is a board member.

National Conference on Missions of the WSCS, at Buck Hill Falls, March 3-7—Mrs. James P. Howell of San Francisco was co-chairman.

Regional workshop at Salt Lake City on work of conference boards of ministerial training—Bishop Tippett; the Rev. John V. Moore of First Church, Hayward, board chairman, and the Rev. Lorne Mee of Tracy, registrar. Primary attention was given to recruitment of ministers and to changes in the *Discipline*.

JAPANESE CONFERENCE

Attorney Talks to WSCS

Seventh annual meeting of Japanese Conference WSCS was held April 13 at San Jose, with Mrs. James Higuchi of San Jose presiding.

Speakers included Mrs. Henrietta Bailey Gillenwater of Berkeley, former missionary to Africa, and Miss Elsie Farris, Long Beach, attorney.

New officers were installed by Mrs. Jutaro Shiota of San Francisco, first conference president.

WORSHIP COMMISSION

Mass Choir to Sing

Second pilot project this year for the new conference Commission on Worship is slated April 28, the Central District workshop in worship and music at First Church, Modesto.

The workshop will begin at 3 p.m., with all churches of the district participating in rehearsal of music for the evening program, directed by the Rev. Walter Swearingen of San Leandro. At 5 o'clock there will be group sessions for the ministry and creative worship skills, music committee and worship commission, choir directors and organists.

After dinner there will be a worship service conducted by the Rev. Charles Lord, district superintendent, with the massed choir singing.

CHANGING WORLD

'The Minister's Role'

"The Role of the Minister in a Changing World" will be the theme of the 1957 conference Pastors' School, with a top-flight slate of speakers and leaders announced by the Rev. Myron Herrell of Burlingame, dean.

The training, Aug. 19-23 at College of the Pacific, will be concerned with the minister's uncertainty over his role today and over what things are most important.

Leaders will be the Rev. James Chubb, pastor at Grand Island, Neb.; the Rev. Kermit Eby of the department of social sciences, University of Chicago; the Rev. Robert Luccock, pastor at New Haven, Conn.

Bishop Tippett will conduct the evening prayers during the annual school.

RADIO-TV

Spotlight Methodists

Methodists continue to take leading roles on radio and television programs of Northern California-Nevada Council of Churches.

"Cross Winds," the United Church Women's telecast formerly known as "Cross Currents," will include: the Rev. John R. Wilkins of the conference Board of Missions, and A. LaMont Smith, layman from First Church, Sacramento, on April 14; and the Rev. Roy Nichols of Downs Memorial Church, Oakland, on May 5, as members of the panels. The weekly program features Dr. Evelyn Miller Berger, psychiatrist, who is a member of Eighth Avenue Church, Oakland. Now on KRON-TV, Channel 4, San Francisco, at 12:30 p.m. Sundays, it was to start March 31 also on KHSL-TV, Chico, Channel 12, at 4 p.m. Sundays.

Bishop Tippett, (left) chairman, general Television, Radio and Film Commission, inspects a TV ministry exhibit with the Rev. Harry C. Spencer, Nashville, general secretary. They will be delegates to the Christian Radio and Television world conference in Frankfurt, Germany, in April.

Newest parsonage arrival is Paul Richard, born Feb. 18 to the Rev. and Mrs. Ralph Pedersen of Trinity Church, Berkeley.

Due to become director of Christian education at Grace Church, Stockton, June 1, is Albert G. Lynch, now in a similar position at Burlingame. Mr. Lynch is one of the conference's certified directors.

Winners of National Methodist Scholarships at College of the Pacific are: Wayne Rassmussen of Taft, Janet Mathieson of Burlingame, Janet Cordes of San Mateo, Edward Leonard of Hollister, Tommy Kay Hall of San Francisco, and Janice Laughlin of Inglewood.

New president of Modesto Council of Churches is Leo Gessell, director of administration at First Church, Modesto.

Valedictorian of Castlemount High School, Oakland, midyear graduating class was Miss Lesley Pillsbury, active in San Leandro Church MYF.

Richard Pedersen was chosen "one of the ten most outstanding young men in America" by the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce. U. S. State Department foreign service officer in the UN, Pedersen is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pedersen of Central Church, Stockton, and brother of the Rev. Ralph Pedersen of Trinity Church, Berkeley.

More than $27,000 was pledged in this year's Bishop's Trail Blazers program, for purchase of church sites in California-Nevada Conference, according to the Rev. John R. Wilkins, executive secretary of the conference Board of Missions. The pledges came from the persons who attended a series of 13 meetings addressed by Bishop Tippett. This third year of the program brought the total raised in this church extension effort to more than $115,000.

Both 1957 winners of the Boswell scholarships at Corcoran High School are active in Corcoran Church Sunday school and MYF. They are Esther Sitton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Sitton, who will study education at University of California, and Charles Whittenburg, son of Mrs. Roger Tittle, who will major in pharmacy at College of the Pacific.

Fiftieth anniversary of Albany Community Methodist Church was observed March 9-10.

Recent ministerial transfers into California-Nevada Conference on trial are: Herbert C. Hirschfeld from Rock River Conference and Robert Leroy Walker from Pacific Northwest. They are attending Pacific School of Religion and Garrett Biblical Institute, respectively.

Hot Argument: Sunday School a Waste?

A recent charge by a Yale Divinity School professor that Sunday school is "the most wasted hour of the week" has set off a storm of controversy in church and lay circles. Many are hotly attacking Dr. Wesley Shrader, who hurled the charge in a *Life* article; others are leaping to his defense, claiming he has brought to light a weak spot in the church setup.

Methodist Bishop Fred P. Corson, speaking to 700 Methodist leaders at the district superintendents' conference in Chicago, accused churches of administering Christian education in "such small doses, and mostly to the younger groups, that it does not counteract other educational influences."

Parents, Corson said, are unprepared to give direction to children; communities feel it is not their responsibility. In the bishop's view churches have surrendered the responsibility of Christian education to those which "give it only lip service," while Christian colleges have "overlooked their distinctiveness as church-related institutions."

Dr. Virgil E. Foster, editor of the *International Journal of Religious Education,* declared: "There is too much truth in the picture Dr. Schrader presents to permit complacency."

But, he added, the article did a "most inadequate job of reporting the tremendous strides being made toward correcting the conditions."

More teachers are training, more well-equipped church schools are being built, more money is being spent on curriculum improvement, and more concern is being shown for children, young people and their parents, according to Dr. Foster.

At the annual meeting of the National Council of Christian Education, Harold E. Stassen, President Eisenhower's special assistant for disarmament, issued a call for 100,000 more "qualified" Sunday school teachers to keep up with expanding child population in the U.S.

Two others at the meeting, the Rev. Henry Tani of Philadelphia, director of youth work for the Evangelical and Reformed Church, and Dr. Richard E. Lentz of Indianapolis, director of family life for the Disciples of Christ, urged churches to do more for young people and strengthen family life.

In a related development, the Rev. Harold W. Ewing, director of the Methodist Board of Education's youth department, challenged the 1,341,455-member Methodist Youth Fellowship to "dedicated action." Their mission work, he said, is among America's "bumper crop" of young people, three fourths of whom are outside the church.

METHODISTS OPEN

Centers for Elderly

The San Francisco Council of Churches is setting up 20 activity centers for older persons and the first two are in Methodist churches. Hamilton and Trinity churches with the first "senior centers," are expected eventually to have a club membership of 300. Members will take part in discussion groups, drama and music classes, and craft courses.

The 20 centers are being made possible by an anonymous $28,000 contribution. Support also will be sought through the Community Chest.

SMALL CHURCHES

Put Art to Work

How can small churches be more attractive? Ministers, church workers, and fine-arts experts studied the problem at Methodism's Scarritt College, Nashville, Tenn. They discussed the best uses of drama, pictures, sculpture, handicrafts, music and planned pilot projects for several churches. The results should help smaller Methodist churches everywhere.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERANS

Ask Council Membership

The Evangelical Lutheran Church has formally applied for membership in the World Council of Churches.

This removes a major obstacle to the planned 1960 merger of the ELC with the American Lutheran Church and the United Evangelical Lutheran Church, both Council members.

The council's central committee is expected to act favorably on the petition this summer.

Last June the biennial convention of ELC's million-member church body reversed the 1948 decision of the general convention, which voted against WCC membership.

CHURCHES' PROBLEM:

No Place to Park

Babies and automobiles are primarily responsible for the record $2.6 billion boom in U.S. church building in the last four years, Dr. John R. Scotford of the National Council of Churches told a recent church-architecture conference.

To illustrate church problems from larger families, he cited the case of one

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Sailing aboard Canadian Pacific's *S. S. Princess Louise,* the cruise includes Ketchikan, Juneau, Mendenhall Glacier, Wrangell, Skagway, Lake Bennett and Carcross in Alaska and the Yukon. The scenic American Rockies, Rainier National Park, the Pacific Northwest, Canadian Rockies, Lake Louise and Banff are included in the trip—altogether a marvelous escorted tour with the best company of fellow travelers imaginable.

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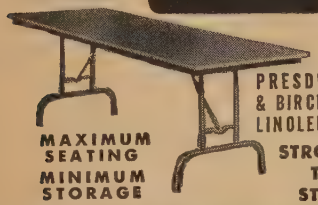

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church which now has six rooms for the care of babies under two. The automobile, he added, has increased attendance but created a new church problem —parking.

Two Methodist churches won awards at the conference: Gretna, La., Church, second prize for churches under 300, and First Church, Memphis, Tenn., honorable mention in additions and alterations.

WOMEN REPORT:

New Gains in Giving

Reporting gains both in finances and membership, Methodist women recently held their annual jurisdictional meetings to review the year's work and look to the future. Encouraging area reports showed—

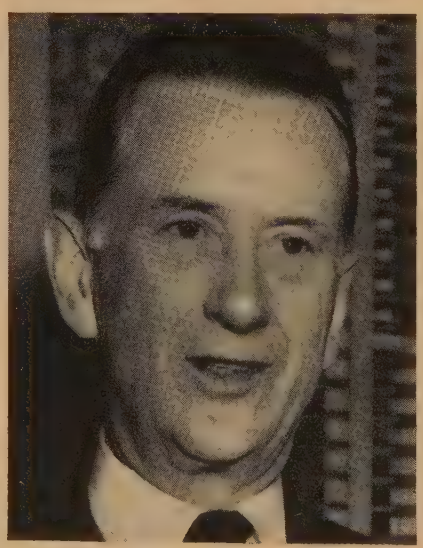
Northeastern: Pledged nearly $1.3 millions for missions, a gain of $15,515. New president, Mrs. John O. Mabuce, Buffalo, N.Y.

North Central: Membership 532,178, largest jurisdiction. New president, Mrs. Paul Spencer, Alliance, Ohio.

Southeastern: Women were urged to support the Woman's Division of Christian Service Charter of Racial Policies. New president, Mrs. David J. Cathcart, Lakeland, Fla.

South Central: Membership 315,330. New president, Mrs. W. E. Horton, Jr., Houston, Tex.

Western: New president, Mrs. Ellworth Tilton, Roseburg, Ore.



The goal of Charles Evans Whittaker, newest Supreme Court Justice: "love man, deal justly, and walk humbly."

MIDWESTERN METHODIST

Named to Supreme Court

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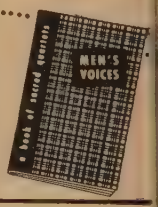

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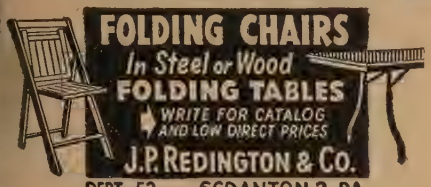

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MISCELLANEOUS

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF SKY LAKE OF WYOMING CONFERENCE, Inc., will be held in the First Methodist Church, Endicott, N. Y., Thursday, May 23rd, 1957 at 2 P.M.

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UNUSUAL READING

TALES BY AUNT BESS: AUTHOR LAVONDA. Extraordinary fairy-tales. (Circulars) BRIGADOON PUBLISHER, 1517T West Central, Orlando, Florida.

qualities of a Supreme Court justice as "devotion to the law and a strong desire to do God's will."

Confirmed by the Senate, Whittaker is the only Methodist on the high bench. A member of Central Methodist Church, Kansas City, Mo., since 1942, he has been a steward and trustee for 12 years.

His pastor, the Rev. Thomas B. Mather, says he "has taught two of our adult classes . . . and has always been regular in his church attendance, including the Sunday after his appointment."

Whittaker served eight months as a judge on the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. Before that he was a federal district judge. He has spent most of his career as a trial lawyer. He will replace Justice Stanley F. Reed, who retired.

CHURCHES COMPETING

New Threat to Missions?

Nationalistic movements, especially in Asia, are forcing Protestant missionaries into heavier competition with ancient religions, a leading seminarian warns. To meet the threat, Dr. Henry Pitt Van Dusen, president, Union Theological Seminary, wants Protestant churches to unite their overseas work in a single interdenominational group.

METHODIST CHURCHES

Spread Worship by TV

Methodist churches have been introducing thousands to worship services through TV. The Ash Wednesday service of First Mehodist Church, Portland, Ore., utilized a congregational plan whereby groups gathered in homes to hold brief services before and after the half-hour telecast.

Viewing audience for the televised services of First Methodist Church, Des Moines, Iowa, was estimated at 150,000. Services were televised on four Sundays. And the West End Methodist Church, Nashville, Tenn., televised rites commemorating its 88th anniversary, believed to be the state's first live telecast of a complete worship service.

MISSIONARIES

Move 'Back to Suez'

American mission workers are "trickling back" to Egypt after being evacuated during the Suez conflict, the Rev. Roland W. Scott, executive secretary, National Council of Churches' joint office for Southern Asia and Near East committees, reports. However, Scott

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Let's Get Acquainted

HOW would *you* like to try to pick the winners out of this stack of photo entries? About 12,000 transparencies, sent in by 1,286 readers who are helping TOGETHER illustrate the anthem, *America the Beautiful,* are in the pile which nearly hides Art Editor **Floyd A. Johnson.** Yes, in TOGETHER's Chicago office, things are humming. But this activity is more than mere busyness; it's activity with heart-warming rewards. Such response from TOGETHER's reader family is giving all of us the richest satisfaction any editorial job can offer. That's the knowledge that you are taking TOGETHER into your hearts.

And manuscripts: We're receiving 1,000 a month now: poems, cartoons, fiction, full-length articles. Humbly we put our feelings in one word: Thanks.

●

In keeping with the season, this issue brings you a special Easter flavor. We hope you'll enjoy *The Easter Gift,* page 16; *How I Think of Immortality,* page 21; *I Was There,* page 28; *Spring Sings of Faith,* page 35, *And Love Let Him In,* page 50—Easter themes, from the typewriters and cameras of some mighty talented writers and photographers.

●

We're particularly proud this month to present two more world-famous figures on our pages: poet-historian **Carl Sandburg** and Chief Justice **Earl Warren.** Sandburg has taken a fatherly interest in TOGETHER since it was in the idea stage. Whenever he is in Chicago he phones us, his agile mind pouring forth ideas. Thanks to one of these conversations, we are able to bring you his *The Face of Christ,* page 9. Justice Warren recently visited India; now he reports on what he observed. You'll find his analysis of India's problems—and possible solutions—on page 10.

●

What's an Unusual Methodist? Our editors feel it's a Methodist whose life and/or occupation will interest other Methodists who don't know him. On page 14, you'll meet some of these interesting people—and maybe you'll know others who fill the bill. If you do, let's hear from you!

OUR CAMERA CLIQUE

(Credits are separated from left to right by comma; top to bottom by dashes.) Bot., bottom; cen., center; exc., except; lf., left; rt., right.

10—United Press—Ewing Galloway • 11—Religious News Service • 13—Fritz Henle • 14—United Press—Library of Congress • 15—rt., Gene Cook • 22—United Press • 24-27—Nolan Patterson, Black Star • 33—Religious News Service • 35—David Corson, Shostal • 36—J. C. Allen and Co., Town Journal • 37—Josef Muench, Horticulture • 38—Horticulture • 40—Gottsche-Schleisner, Horticulture • 41—Leo Aarons • 42—Josef Muench, Arizona Highways • 53—Religious News Service • 61—Robert W. Luebke • 65—Garrett Biblical Institute • 72—United Press • 74—Charles W. Keysor (Leica, Tri-X, F-5.6 at 1/40, forced development) • 75-76—Bill Riddle, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission.

says, the State Department is warnin that it is "not in the public interes for these missionaries to return.

PROTESTANTS WARN

No U.S.-Vatican Ties

American Protestants have been tol that establishment of U.S. diplomat relations with the Vatican would stam this country in the eyes of the world favoring the Roman Catholic religio

The National Council of Churche Department of Religious Liberty ha urged Protestants to maintain "co tinued vigilance" against "efforts establish full diplomatic relations" wit the Vatican.

STUDENT PLAN:

Negro-White Exchange

A Negro-white student exchange pr gram is being set up by two Methodis related schools—Bennett College, i Greensboro, N.C., and Ohio Wesleya University, in Delaware, Ohio.

Six Bennett girls will go to We leyan for two weeks and enter int campus life—attend classes, participat in extracurricular activities, chapel, an assembly programs. In return, fou white girls from Wesleyan will vis Bennett. Future exchanges may be fo periods up to a year.

If Your Daughter Marries a Catholic . . .

TOGETHER readers in all parts of the country today are asking for reprints of Bishop H. Clifford Northcott's penetrating article on this subject appearing in the November, 1956, issue.

Now additional reprints are available. You'll find them invaluable in home, adult classes, and youth discussion groups.

Price is $2.25 a hundred. Order from Reprint Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE, PAGE 53
There are 4 Easter rabbits.

om U. S. Methodists:

$1.6 Million for Korea

If Korea becomes Asia's first Protestant nation, as many leaders think may happen within 10 years, U. S. Methodists can take much of the credit.

In 1954 the Methodist Council of Bishops urgently appealed for funds to help the war-torn, autonomous Korean Methodist church. Critics, however, assailed the appeal as ill-timed—American churches, they pointed out, already were involved in raising millions for special causes at home and overseas.

Now a final report brings good news: Korean contributions soared to $1,661,-53, far in excess of expectations. Spent thus far: $1,500,272.

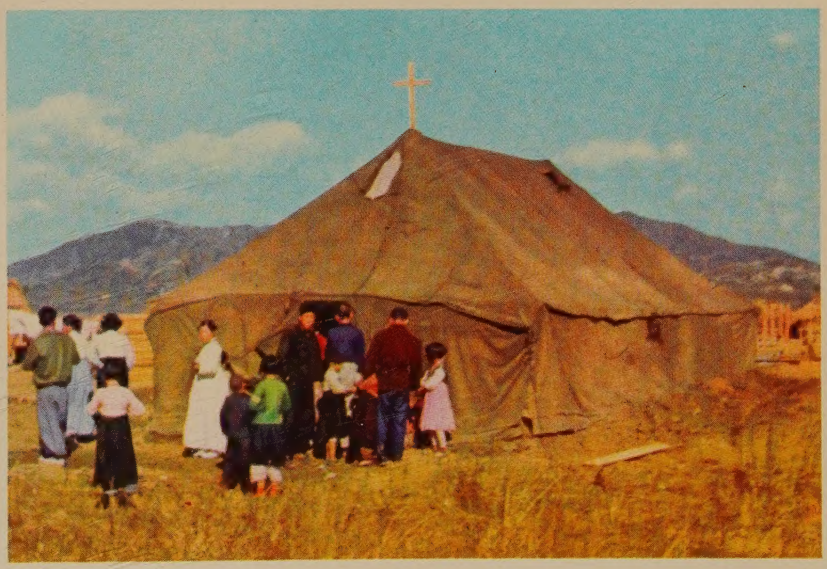
The appeal, the report shows, actually came at perhaps the most opportune hour in Korean Methodism's 72-year history—and touched off a chain of events affecting the church for years to come. Already, churches have regrouped and rebuilt. Morale, badly shattered by the death of leaders and the destruction of churches, zoomed. Membership climbed from a 1952 low of 23,000 to 38,000 in 1956, constituency (members, potential members, and friends) from 38,000 to 110,000, places of worship from 540 to 1,018.

Koreans made such progress that The Methodist Church named their nation as one of four due to receive extra money and missionary manpower in the 1956-1960 period. Said grateful Bishop H. J. Lew, head of the Korean church: "You, the friends in America, have given us the aid and inspired us with the strength to carry on."

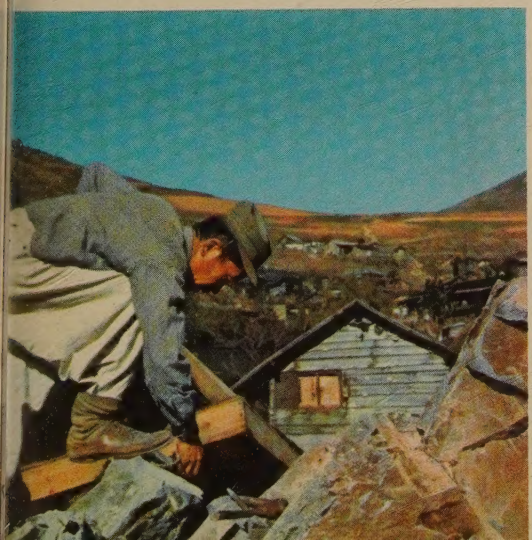
Specifically, Methodist money (70 per cent distributed by the Division of World Missions, 30 per cent by the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief) did these things:

- Rebuilt or repaired 344 damaged churches.
- Repaired Methodist Theological

At Yonsan, friendly villagers greet Bishop Richard Raines of Indianapolis, chairman of appeal fund, and Bishop H. J. Lew, head of the Korean Methodist church.



Temporary tent churches string across Korea north of the 38th Parallel, bringing face to face the conflicting ideologies of Christianity and Communism.



Hand-chiseled rock, blasted from surrounding crags, will raise a new Methodist church on a prominent hilltop overlooking Pusan.

Seminary; Chosun Christian University; Severance Union Hospital, medical college, and nurses' school.

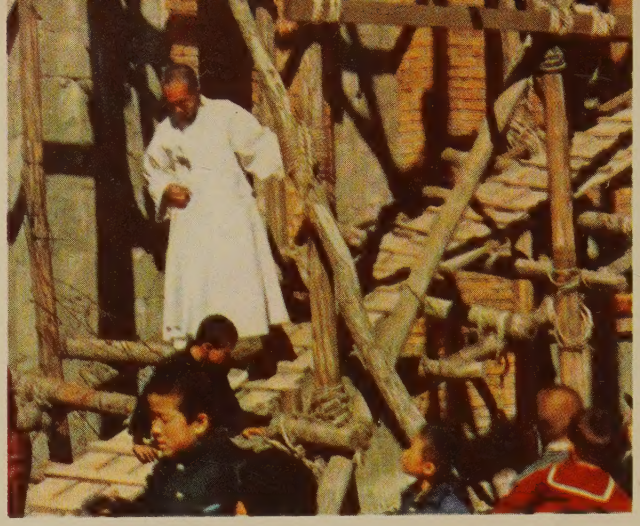
• Repaired such Methodist high schools as Pai Chai in Seoul, where President Syngman Rhee learned English, and leader-training centers.

The money also sparked such projects as the Boys' Democratic Town on Chinoo-do Island. Here "slickey boys," whom police round up from Pusan streets, receive shelter and guidance. Too, the Bishops' Appeal helped keep alive 4,000 orphans in 31 institutions supervised by MCOR representatives, and supported, unaided, the families of 76 unsalaried Methodist chaplains serving the Korean armed forces. In addition, it provided the Methodist share of an interdenominational program caring for 1,200 amputees, built 100 homes, a community center, and a workshop for war widows with small children.

The fund made possible, too, a rehabilitation program along the 38th Parallel, and 21 other projects, including hostels for boys studying in Seoul, bicycles for workers, and an agricultural center.

Major needs now are for more missionaries, better missionary housing, and funds for church construction and repair, authorities say. Though the present missionary force is the largest since World War II, there are still about 40 fewer missionaries than in 1940. The church hopes to erase this deficit by 1960.

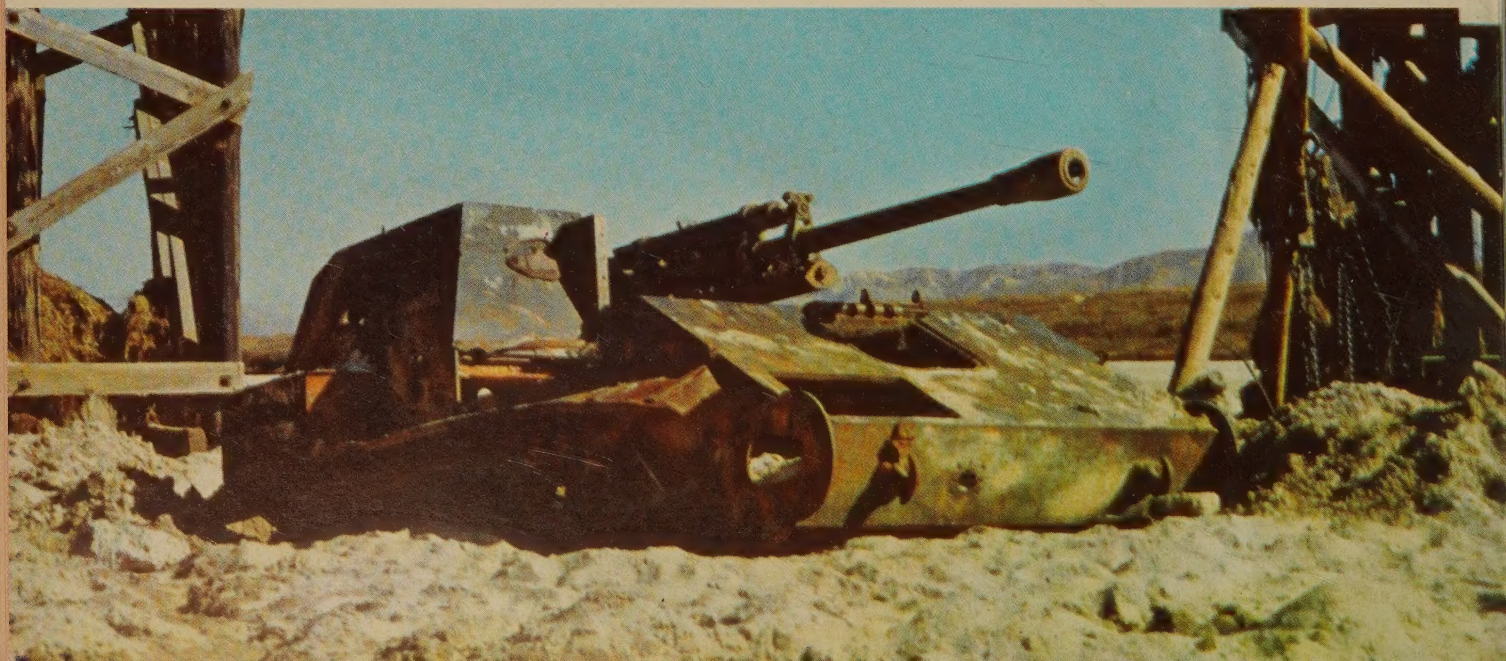
The Rev. Thoburn T. Brumbaugh, secretary for Korea, Japan, and Okinawa, summed up the situation before the Board of Missions: "What the people find missing in their ancient nature cults—which tell them what to do but have no power to help them do it—they are finding in the Christian faith."



Rising from war ruins is this new church at Nonsan—one of hundreds built or repaired by funds from the Bishops' Appeal.

Methodists, in co-operation with other denominations, help support Ewha University (enrollment, 4,000) a Christian institution for women in Seoul.

Grim reminder of the days before the United Nations armistice and Bishops' Appeal for Korea, this rusting tank hulk lies in a river bed along the Taejon-Suwon highway.



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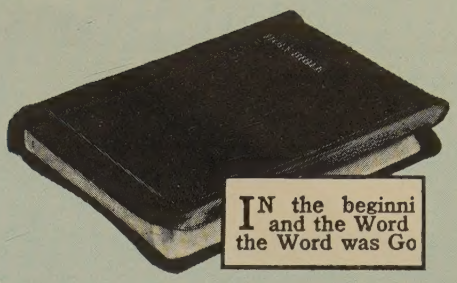
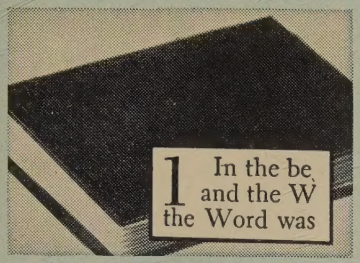
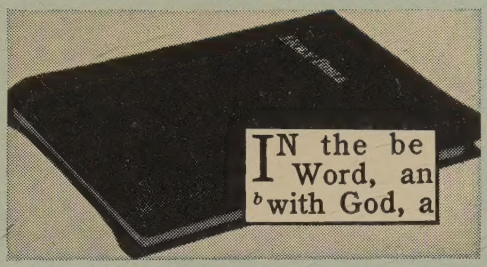
The gift that becomes more valuable with the years







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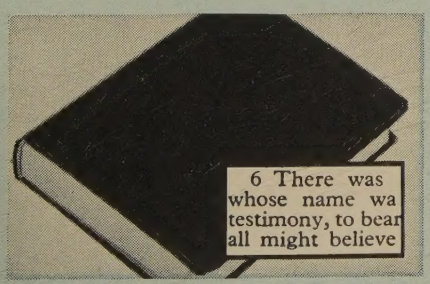

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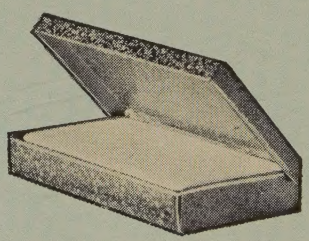

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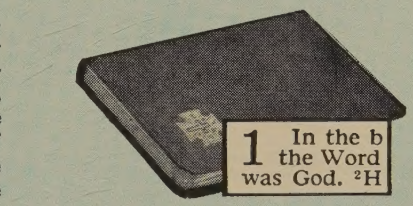

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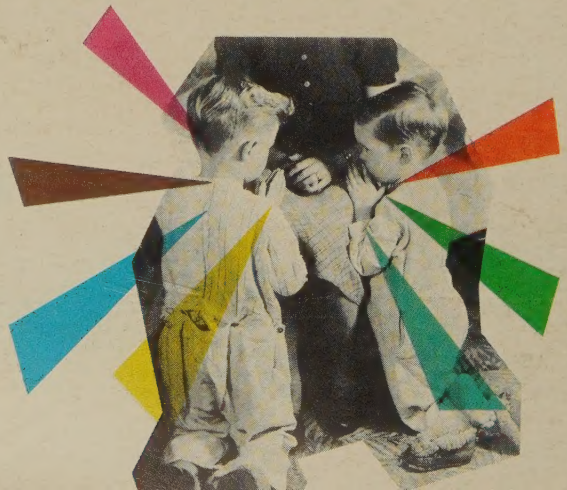

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